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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1664.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 26, 1884.

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[For THE PACIFIC.]

Song of Spring.

BY MARY C. BENNETT.

The bright and joyous spring,
From winter's icy fetters free,
Comes forth as queen of land and sea;
Fresh as the morning,
Fair as the dawn,
Beaming from skies of azure blue;
Her balmy breath will soon renew
All life, and beauty bring.
The merry, merry spring!
Dancing light o'er the velvet lawn,
Mid sparkling dews of early dawn,
Fanning the mists of morn,
Swelling the fountains,
Rippling through the meadows and streams,
Gay 'mid the clouds and bright sunbeams,
Is charming, merry spring.
O, the musical spring!
That tunes in rich harmonious strains
Sounds from the valleys, hills and plains;
Faint echoes rhyming,
With sweet bells chiming,
Softly blend with the cuckoo's song,
And tuncful notes that all day long,
The forest songsters sing.
We hail thy advent spring!
Our choral anthems loud we'll raise,
And warblers herald forth thy praise;
Soft breezes blowing,
Streams ever flowing,
Gliding o'er earth with tender care,
Freighted with blessings rich and rare,
Unceasing tributes bring.
On rosy scented wing,
Clad in translucent robes of light,
Girded with rainbow tints, so bright,
Ever regaling,
Sweetly exhaling,
Life-giving power thou bring'st to earth;
Thy pregnant breath gives glorious birth
To flowers that crown thee, spring.
The soul-inspiring spring!
That wakes the world to new delight,
Unfolds its treasures to our sight;
Richly preparing
Scenes more endearing,
Raising our thoughts to God above,
Where, 'mid the fountains of his love,
Reigns one eternal spring,
San Francisco, March 1st, 1884.

Pulpit Thoughts.

[Selected from sermons by Dr. Frederic B. Marvin, preached in the First Congregational Church of Portland, Or.]

CHRISTIAN UNION.

At the concert of the Orchestral Union how many different kinds of persons agree in a common love for music. How many diverse instruments combine to produce one harmony—one melody—one grand musical effect. The trombone never reviles the flute, the violin never quarrels with the drum, there is no schism between the cornet and the cymbal. All these agree to produce in their different ways one faultless concord of sounds. They all seem to be singing one grand and glorious lesson to the Church of Christ, and well would it be could she hear that song:

"Let praise names no more
The Christians' world o'er-spread;
Gentle and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head."

VITAL DOCTRINES.

We are coming to see that doctrines that separate us, and that are vital, are not vital at all. Some of them grew up out of long ages of theological conflict, and some of them are purely speculative. The Church, weary of her long and useless warfare with shadows, is going back to Christ, and upon that Rock of Ages shall rest the great and glorious Church of the future.

MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.

It is not right to estimate ministerial success by the number who unite with the Church. The growth of a church cannot be determined by the numerical increase. God looks to quality and not to quantity. If that minister is most successful who adds to his church the largest number of souls, there are churches that are lamentable failures when compared with those of Rome, and thus measured, the most successful church of all is, perhaps, the Mormon. How few converts Jesus had when he died. If we except the Pentecost out-pouring, Dwight Moody has, in all probability, brought more men and women into the Church than any of the apostles. At the end of the first century of the Christian era, there were only about 500,000 professed followers of our Saviour in all the world. The world is not to be converted by numbers, but by principle; not by a large, but by a holy Church.

UNCHURCHED CHRISTIANITY.

We used to say of every man who led a good life outside of the regular church communion, "He is an excellent moralist, but no Christian." Why no Christian? "Because he makes no profession." But we now know that a Christian life is the best of all professions—is, in fact, the only true profession. There are thousands of Christian men outside of the churches—men who illustrate in their lives the principles of gospel ethics. They should unite with the Church; but they are Christians, wherever they are. And there is to-day a vast amount of distinctly Christian work done by secular societies. The Free Masons, Grand Army of the Republic, and various benevolent organizations, are full of the helpful spirit of Jesus. The ecclesiastical vessels are not large enough to hold the glorious religion of the New Testament—it overflows the Church, and runs out into the world to bless all classes and conditions of men. I have no doubt that the average morality of the outside world is to-day better than that of the Corinthian Christian of nearly two thousand years ago. There is a vast unchurched Christianity all around us.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

In a dream I saw two men stand above a parched and sun-baked valley, high up on a mountain, where a clear lake, fringed with flowers, reflected the deep blue of heaven. One of them, with his own hand, hollowed a channel from the lake to the brink of a precipice, and allowed the pure water to fall into the valley below. Then the flowers sprang up on every side, and the wilderness blossomed as the rose. So our Saviour, with his pierced hands wounded for our sins, hollows the way for the stream of divine love to flow over the cruel precipice that separates God and Heaven from our sin-parched and famine-stricken souls. And when the water of life touches our human nature, how

the flowers of Christian experience spring up on every side.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

The sacred concert is an opening wedge for the Sunday theater, and for every kind of Sabbath desecration. The Passion Play, and every other dramatic blasphemy, naturally follow after it. The Passion Play may not succeed now; but when the public conscience has been destroyed by Sunday amusements, we shall have in all our large cities the fearful spectacle of a theater crowded with pleasure-seekers, all gazing curiously with opera glasses into the shadows of Gethsemane, and applauding with profane levity the suffering Son of God upon the cross of Calvary. Think of the wretch who would dare to impersonate Jesus upon the cross, crying up through the ropes, pulleys and pasteboard of the theater, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

SUNDAY PAPERS.

I am opposed to Sunday papers because they have a direct tendency to draw men away from the strict and careful observance of the Lord's day. Men who take them are tempted to remain away from church to read them. They enable a man to advertise his goods and secular interests on Sunday. They do not furnish religious reading matter. The moral tone of most of them is not only low, but actually vile. They are, most of them, bad in every way. I want to see the old Puritan regard for sacred things return. Sunday, Church, Bible and Christ, these are solemn and blessed realities.

THE BIBLE.

I do not assign to all portions of the scripture the same importance. The "Sermon on the Mount" and the Pauline Epistles are of more value than the genealogies of the Old Testament. All parts of the Bible are sufficient, but not equally inspired. It would be a good thing if we could have a volume of Scripture Selections for children. There are portions of the Bible that ought not to be placed before the little ones—for instance David's adultery, the peculiar sins of Sodom, and a portion of Proverbs, and all of the Song of Solomon. There are also parts of the Bible I could not read from the pulpit, and you would be justly displeased should I disregard the sense of propriety in my scripture lessons. But all this does not destroy the inspiration of the Bible. I know of some medical books that should not be given to children, nor even to ignorant adults, but it does not follow that those books are not true. I do not receive the Bible as a text book in science, history or art, but as a spiritual guide. It is God's word of life and love to man.

TABACCO AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

I have heard it objected to the common use of the cup at the Lord's Supper, that men whose mouths are foul with tobacco juice, will lift to their lips the emblem of a Saviour's purifying blood, shed to cleanse soul and body, and will then pass it to a pure, delicate and refined lady, to whom the very thought of tobacco is repulsive. Whatever is offensive to a pure and sensitive woman, is displeasing to God. Let all who defile their mouths with tobacco, cleanse themselves thoroughly before coming to the communion table, or remain away.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

Roman Catholicism is the dry-rot of all religion. It is the accursed foe of all liberty, light and progress. Its scarlet robes are dipped in blood and blasphemy, and its tracks over the ages are marked by cruel massacre and nameless outrage. It licentious priesthood is the bane of civilization. When Luther broke its power, and restored the Bible to mankind, I think the holy angels in heaven must have tuned their harps to a new song.

FALSE HUMILITY.

God wants us to be manly in our religion, and he is not pleased when we cringe and fawn. He calls us not into slavery, but into sonship. The sons of a king should have a kingly spirit. When you find a man whose religion is servile, and whose humility is mean, whose prayers are serpentine; who crawls to the Throne of Grace, who behold a man whose whole life is a dishonor to the faith he professes. When you find a man who constantly confesses in his public prayer that he is a worm, a vile, polluted, degenerate and refined lady, to whom the very thought of tobacco is repulsive. Whatever is offensive to a pure and sensitive woman, is displeasing to God. Let all who defile their mouths with tobacco, cleanse themselves thoroughly before coming to the communion table, or remain away.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

The soul of man is like a shell cast upon the shore of time by the restless surges of eternity—it sings of the ocean.

THE MISSION OF SORROW.

Great sorrows lift us upon their lonely heights into the realms of spiritual vision, and in a shower of tears God often sets the rainbow of his promise.

A ROSE IN THE HAND OF DEATH.

A little one, beautifully robed for burial, had been placed in its coffin with an unopened bud of the Rose of Sharon in its tiny hand. An hour later the unopened bud had become a full-blown rose while in the cold hand of death. How many beautiful flowers of faith, hope, love and charity, bloom in our hearts as gifts from the dead.

J. S. K.

From Asaph to Patti.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

Carlyle at the opera was a figure worth hearing. He is hardly seated before the apostrophe begins. "Good Heavens! from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket! What a road have men traveled!" "Reader, art thou one of a thousand and able still to read a psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries? Then go to the opera and hear with unspeakable reflections what things men now sing!" Of course this is very attractive. No one but the bigot can protest against "squalling like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport." It is both impudent and imprudent to object when the public will fool itself to the top of its bent. Let this should seem too top-foxy, let a few comparisons be drawn to indicate the leadings of Carlyle's thought.

Asaph exalted virtue; and Patti sings the praises of vice. When first appearing before the public of San Francisco, she assumes the leading part in the opera of "La Traviata." It is a well known fact that this is a rendition in song of "Camille," one of the most scandalous dramas ever played in the theater.

The language of this vile opera is foreign cannot essentially change our proper estimate of it. The libretto is usually in the hands of the hearers, where the drift of the plot is all translated into English. Behold, then, an audience where numbers, wealth, beauty, and pride of place vie with each other in honoring a queen of song, whose reputation is not even covered with the traditional fig-leaf, while in a voice where nature and art can do no more, she pours forth the sorrows and the triumphs of a woman of evil life. Powers of the highest and choicest and rarest excellence in the domain of song are enlisted in the endeavor to clothe a vicious life with a beauty not its own, and touch the fountain of human sympathies in favor of that which should be dreaded and abhorred. Putrescence, however, remains the same though tabled on china and damask. Those who seem to think that the beauty and the art can be separated from the subjects they strive to exalt, are called upon to explain how it comes about that nine-tenths of the operas turn upon some flagrant transgression of the seventh commandment. It is very evident that if the harmony and the art were the end instead of the means, that the subjects of these operas would not so uniformly enlist the heart in favor of vice at the expense of virtue. The love of music was to be yoked to the love of evil, that a double triumph might be scored, and the end has been accomplished. Asaph and those whom he represents, on the contrary, bring all their powers to bear in encouraging the soul in its warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. The two are separated in their tendency and influence by the whole diameter of moral being. We have measured a journey to call forth the wondering exclamations of a philosopher, to say nothing of the Christian, when we leave these men of God behind and reach forth unto the scene-painters, ballet-girls and prima donnas of a modern opera.

We may mark another mile-stone on this journey from Asaph to Patti, when we note the unrealities of the one and the verities of the other. Our daily papers lately brought us the intelligence that the second base of the company has passed into the other world since coming to the coast. He sings in one of these tissues of nonsense and unreality, and two nights thereafter he dies. He has been spending his days in turning all divine laws and truths upside down, and now he has gone to the immutable God and the realities that never change. There are very few, I imagine, who in sober thought would like to step from an opera house into the other world. And yet, the contrast here indicated between all the vapor and lies of the opera and the stern facts of the open tomb ought not to be more impressive to the reflective mind than the contrast between the false and impossible ideals of the opera and the stern realities of life considered apart from the thought of death. This implication of blessedness in unholy love, this imputation of continuing happiness in voluptuousness, this fascinating wickedness without pang of conscience and ultimate suffering, this sorcery of music thrown over hate and murder and pride, is all of it a lie, and builds the very heavens on stubble and rottenness. It is a covenant of falsehood. It strives to dam up the Nile with bull-rushes. And no one can immerse himself in this unreal atmosphere without feeling a shock at the very gates of life when plunged back into the real world. They do not rise up on the morning after such impressions with as firm a grip as before on duty. Imagination and all its assistants, as music and sculpture and painting, are not employed for human good when trying to make the better cause appear the worse, and the unreal in morals and the very nature of things take on the shows of solidity. Plato would have banished from his republic the poet who clothed the false in beauty. What, think you, would he have done with the modern opera?

It is sad to think that many who call themselves Christians are traveling away from Asaph and towards Patti. They excuse themselves by saying that they must patronize the opera to hear the best music. Were this true, it would not constitute an excuse. Those, however, who have the means to afford the opera have opened before them a musical realm without stain or temptation, either to themselves or others, which should choke their excuse in its very birth, and lead them in addition to see how little self-abnegation their religion must have when God opens a whole paradise and denies only the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and still they demur. They have sacred music in hymns, chants, masses and anthems. They have oratorios like the Creation, Messiah, Elijah and Esther, grander than any opera. They have a wealth of instrumental music from simple strains to the symphonies of Beethoven. God has given to us a wealth of sounds unsearchable, where evil never comes. Will we insist on leaving such for the moral putrescence of *La Traviata*?

San Francisco's Taste in Pictures.

I may say I am a new comer to this city of magnificent display on every hand, and, being an admirer of pictures, generally stop to look at them, in passing, if time permits.

I have seen some very beautiful ones, so beautiful that as I pursued my way they led my thoughts upwards and onwards to that time and place when and where there shall be no more sin, where all shall be true, real, pure, and good.

But I have not been allowed to retain these thoughts in relation to all the pictures, and especially photos displayed. The coarse, base, vile, and every way demoralizing attributes of fallen nature are also on exhibition. Why so? As a thought or vision of the pure and chaste tends to elevate, does not a sight of the vulgar and immoral exert a debasing influence? We know it does, and yet these vile pictures are exhibited in some of the leading streets of this city, and not a voice seems raised in protest, or, if so, it is so weak that the delinquents in immorality hold their own and display to the world what manner of mind they possess.

Could any person who was pure at the heart's core ever dream of attracting attention to their windows by such wanton indecency? Nay, and we who seem to have forgotten the prayer, probably said at their mother's knee, in childhood, "Make and keep me pure within," etc.

It is the bad influence that these pictures exert on the rising generation—our youths and maidens—such that are budding out into life and have all the sensibilities keenly alive—that compels me to speak.

One sight, in some cases, will undo all that a mother's prayers have done for them.

Of course, such pictures are revolting to grown men and women, that is, if they have not lost the elements of true refinement. But to the children! Alas! can we longer sit with folded hands, never trying to remove temptation out of their path?

I was on the point of purchasing a disgusting photo the other day, and tearing it in pieces before the seller's face, only I felt that others would be forthcoming to fill its place.

Let the public, generally, go to the root of the matter by making it a law that such shall not be exhibited, or sold, either in public, or privately.

Will some exclaim, "But this is a free country!" I reply by saying we are the greatest of slaves when we can sin in thought, word, or deed, and take a positive pleasure therein, for then Satan has his chains round about us, most assuredly.

"Whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely," these are the things we would see displayed everywhere, and take delight in witnessing.

"ATHENA."

Washington Letter.

March, 18, 1884.

This has been an unusually interesting week in both ends of the Capitol, although few questions of universal interest or great importance have been acted on. The house of Representatives first received the long expected Morrison Tariff bill, with the majority and minority reports of the Ways and Means committee, and then debated lengthily the Postoffice Appropriation bill, presenting the postal system in its various relations. Much party strife was aroused over the proposition to curtail the salaries of postmasters, and other provisions of the bill, which the opponents of the Appropriations committee claimed were insufficient.

Mr. Blinn of Indiana, who never speaks without saying something to the point, said that in but fourteen cities was the free delivery system self-sustaining. In all others the burden of its maintenance fell on people who do not receive their mail more than once a day three times a week, or even once a week. He was in favor of sustaining the system in its efficiency and in moderately enlarging it, but was opposed to the whole country being oppressed for the benefit of certain favored localities. The House discussed briefly several other subjects, passed a number of private pension bills at its usual evening session for consideration.

ing pension claims, and on Friday, private bill day, the calendar afforded a fine opportunity for speech-making. The first bill to come up was one granting a pension of \$2,500 to the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, and the debate consumed most of the day's session. Sentiment on one side was arrayed against common sense on the other. The fame of Jefferson, his services to his country, the declaration of Independence and kindred matter of history, received due attention. Mr. Robinson of New York, who seldom touches so gentle a theme, led the debate in behalf of the lady for whose benefit the bill was introduced, and asked the House not to draw a line across the face of Thomas Jefferson. Messrs. Lyman of Mass., and J. S. Wise, of Va., also advocated the bill, but their oratory availed nothing against the constitutional and practical objections of establishing such a precedent, and the bill was lost by a vote of 129 to 60.

In secret session the Senate considered and ratified the commercial treaty with Mexico, but so amended the original text that it cannot be adopted until the House of Representatives passes on the tariff questions involved in the instrument. This indefinitely postpones the whole matter, for in its present temper that body will not be likely to accept what it will consider a tariff bill made by foreigners and in their interest. The row now prominent in the Senate is the pleuro-pneumonia bill, which has received strenuous opposition, especially the resolution to appropriate \$25,000 for the extermination of the hoof and mouth disease now raging in Kansas. Senator Hawley dealt a blow to the paternal system of the Government and made a plea for State rights—for the right and duty of the people to take care of their local concerns. He criticised the growing habit of running to Congress for help in local emergencies, and held that the Federal Government was not intended for the purpose of going into a particular section of a State for the treatment of a disease among cattle. But the vindication of Fitz John Porter was by far the most exciting, though the least important event of the week in the Senate. Nothing is now before Gen. Porter and his goal but the possible veto of the President. Though a private relief bill of thread-bare renown, a deep interest still attaches to the case, and crowds fill the Senate galleries both days on which the question was discussed, composed of the friends and opponents of the measure. Gen. Porter has been before four Presidents for the removal of his stigma, has been vindicated by a board of inquiry, has had a bill for his reinstatement in the Army twice passed by the Senate, and once by the House, and has had his claims discussed by almost every newspaper and debating society in the land. Now the question is, will the President veto the bill? No one can answer. Mr. Arthur keeps his own counsel.

Mr. Henry Watterson made an argument before the library committee this week in support of the newspaper copyright bill. He says the promoters of the measure only want an eight hours copyright, to prevent the pirating of news and concurrent publications. Afternoon papers can reproduce matter that has appeared in morning papers, and the bill is not intended to affect what is known as the country press.

Following is the weekly report of the State Immigration Society: 997 persons, in charge of the State Immigration Society, arrived in the State during last week, 759 of whom came to this city. Fifty were colored people, who stopped over at Kern County. The society continues to do good work in locating settlers.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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The texts written on it are especially adapted for children, as, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," "Bear ye one another's burdens," "Little children, love one another," "Suffer little children to come unto me," and so on. These texts were all printed or written plainly in lead-pencil on eight-inch squares of white cotton cloth; and then they were ready for the girls to work in outline stitch with bright red cotton. These squares of white are to be alternated with Turkey-red calico squares with white outlining on them of first lines of old familiar hymns. The quilt when finished being lined with pretty patchwork. This is the ideal plan, if it is carried out. But all this work has been laid aside for the past few weeks, as there has been an opera-tour under way. The girls have felt great interest in the rehearsals for it, and later on, in the sale of tickets (which were 25 cents). There was quite a rivalry among them to see which would sell the most. Several sold twenty and more apiece. At last the long expected day arrived, the 13th of March, and in the evening the people commenced crowding into Germania Hall, till at the time appointed every seat was taken and many were standing, with fully three-hundred in the audience. After instrumental music and two vocal solos, Rev. Mr. Goodell played the overture to the operetta "King Alfred." In a few minutes the curtain rose and the singing began. "The Willing Workers" took the part of the soldiers, and they did themselves credit. They each wore full chess cloth skirts with Turkey-red blouses, caps and stockings. Each had a stick painted black with a tin spear on it, to represent a gun. We had our best singers and actors for the solo parts. At the close we had the twenty-two soldiers do some very intricate marching, which was a constant wonder and delight to the audience, who showed their appreciation by the rounds of applause with which they kept greeting them on their way. About fifty dollars will be realized from the entertainment; it will be divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions. With \$5.00 of the money, certificates of the "Morning Star" stock will be brought, and one presented to each "willing worker," which can be kept to remind them in years to come of this little circle of workers.

I have written thus minutely so that if any society wished to follow in our footsteps, they might be helped in so doing. We return thanks to the Phi Kappars in Sacramento for the suggestion of the Operetta, and also for the loan of ten uniforms.

The object of this society was to interest the girls in doing good at home, and at the same time instruct and interest them in foreign missions.

It is a lamentable fact that so many persons are totally ignorant of mission-aries, and of their work.

If possible, we want the girls to love the foreign work just exactly as much as they love the home work. Home and foreign missions are twin sisters; they cannot be separated in our thoughts or affections; if we love one, we can't help but love the other.

We hope most earnestly that fifty years from now the worn-out phrase, "I don't believe in Foreign Missions," will be heard no more forever.

Still, we can only trust for the future, but we can work in the present helping train the coming women of our land to think that the best way to show their love for God and humanity is to show it by their service, be it in home-work or in foreign.

J. D. W.

Stephanos.

The "Plymouth Gleaners," of Plymouth church, of San Francisco, request that the twenty-five dollars sent by them last year to the Treasurer of our Board be transferred to the fund for Stephanos.

This evidence of interest in our little Greek boy reminds us of a recent article in the *Advance* in which he is spoken of as "a little waif, who has drifted into Mr. Moody's school." It conveys the impression that he has neither friends nor resources, and consequently "brings us to our feet." During the last two years twenty dollars' worth of his pictures have been sold here—certainly not to indifferent parties. Four hundred California dollars have been contributed and expended for his benefit. Happy the waif (?) thus befriended and favored! But dollars expended, stand for his past history; to-day, dollars to be expended are called for. Do not take them from our Woman's Board treasury either, dear friends, for we have none too many there, but withdraw a few more from the daily whirl of life and careless expenditure. How far the price of a few opera tickets would go! Oh! for the profits of one Patti night! But as that is hopeless, smaller sums will be very thankfully received by Mrs. Cole, whose interest and love for the child keep her in constant communication with him, and who consequently realizes most keenly his needs.

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Communications.

What is "Realistic Thinking?"

[Read by Rev. Dr. Geo. Moor before the Monday Club. Published by request.]

The occasion of this subject having been assigned for discussion in this club, is found in the repeated and marked allusions made in a recent review article by Dr. Newman Smyth to the value of what he calls "more realistic thinking" in theology. This article is a review of the elaborate work of Prof. Samuel Harris, on the "Philosophical Basis of Theism." Dr. Harris himself had employed the term with favor, and Dr. Smyth says that "all writers who feel the breath of the new movement in theology" will respond gratefully to the healthful and bracing realism of Prof. Harris's theory of knowledge. For he also tells us that these writers who feel the breath of the new movement "are Christian realists."

It becomes, therefore, interesting to know, if possible, just what this term means. Most students know what the word realism was thought to indicate in the middle ages, when it was put in contrast with nominalism. For then one party of scholastics affirmed that there was such a reality as animal, embracing all particular birds, beasts, and other living beings; while another party denied this, and claimed that the particular horses, sheep, eagles, were the only realities. We also know that the difference of opinions on that point affected the theology of those days. For some were led to infer, in accordance with the nominalist tenet, that God was a general name, and that the only reality in the Trinity was that of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, taken individually. There were three persons, but no essence. Or, there sprang out of the realistic notion of humanity as an entity, the theory that all sons of Adam are participant in the guilt of the whole, of which each man is a part. Is this the realism to which reference is now made? Perhaps one might suppose so, for we are told that the men of the new movement "wish to escape, as much as possible, from theological nominalism." It would not be surprising if there were some subtle connection between the present use of the term and that medieval use. Still, the two uses are not identical. It may not be amiss or uninteresting, therefore, to remark that Webster's dictionary in 1864 had no other definition of Realism, except that which referred us back to Thomas Aquinas, and the medieval philosophers. Instructive, admonitory also, for it is one illustration among many of how the words of one age do not mean precisely what they do in another, or have more meanings than once were current.

Realistic, as used certainly by Dr. Harris, is the opposite of "abstract thinking." For he says, "So far as theologians have allowed abstract thinking to exclude the realistic, they have fallen into false thinking." He defines, also, the difference between the two processes, thus: "Abstract thought has for its object a logical concept or general notion, designated by a general name." (54 p.) "Thought is a concrete or realistic, when its object is a particular reality, presented in consciousness, or remembered." He sums up the matters in a sentence, when he reiterates that "Philosophy and theology are not the knowledge of propositions, notions, and words, but of beings, their qualities, powers, conditions and relations." Obviously, it is not meant that in order to be realistic one should not use propositions, notions, and words, but he should use them only as expressing things. Here is quoted the saying of Carlyle: "To think it, is to thing it." It will not be difficult for us all to range ourselves among the realists. For I suppose that there is not a man of us who would like to be called wordy. But some of us may be called so, nevertheless, for few things are more common than the use of words without any clear or accurate or vivid perception of the real thing for which the word stands. In Theology, as in all the sciences, one cannot go far without using many abstract terms, and making many fine distinctions. The question is, is the distinction one that he has apprehended in, or in relation to some being? And when he uses it, does he use it legitimately? For instance, sin is a general name, and one that must often be employed. Suppose one to affirm that sin deserves to be punished. That sounds all right. But can sin be punished? Or is it not more realistic to say, the man, or other being who commits sin, deserves to be punished? In this latter way of putting it, the eye is fixed, not on the abstract word, but on the wrong moral agent. There can be no objection to saying that sin deserves punishment, so long as the word sin does not get separated from the only sort of being of whom it can be affirmed. But suppose, again, that it be further said that justice demands that sin be punished. Justice itself is an abstract term. Of whom does Justice demand that this punishment be inflicted? Is it said, of God? But is, then, Justice such a reality that it may be conceived as laying demands on God? Can we think of Justice in and by itself, or only as God himself dealing justly? It will be seen that the new realism is not exactly like the old, for the old tended to emphasize the reality of the abstract name, the new tends to emphasize the reality of the being to whom the name is applied. "The rational," says Dr. Harris, "cannot exist without reason or mind, any more than the corporeal can exist without a body." H. 199 p. When we speak, therefore, as we were speaking a few weeks ago here, of the laws according to which the Holy Spirit works, a subtle error might creep into our thinking, unless we kept in mind that these laws have no real existence except in the working of the Spirit Himself. That subtle error is all abroad, as we well know,

in the use of the words, law, evolution, and their like. These are abstract words, standing, indeed, for realities, but only as rooted in the substances and beings, which compose the world, and especially in the Being of beings, without whom nothing at all exists.

It will be apparent, then, as we look a little longer, that realism, as used in these latter days, has reference to the matter of perception in psychology. It stands over against both phenomenalism and idealism. It affirms that we are conscious, not merely of the impressions made upon us, but of the beings which make those impressions; or, to put it otherwise, that the very word impression, means body impressing itself. We know the particular things which make the impressions, and ourselves as percipient of the impressions, and in reflection we become aware of certain necessary principles, without which the knower would not be knower, mind would not be mind. This is Natural Realism, and its application to theology can be seen at once, from the fact that until the mind does have the immediate knowledge of being, there are no processes by which it can educe it. Out of ideas, impressions only, only idea and impressions come. But if our perceptions give us being to start with, then the ultimate Reality, that is, God, must not be a reality of thought only, but of existence also.

Is it possible, now, to be even more realistic than this? So Dr. Smyth would contend. When he was examined before the council at New Haven, it may be remembered, that on being asked what was the best evidence of the existence of God? he replied, "God himself." In the article to which reference has been made, in several other papers also, especially in the volume "The Religious Feeling," he has drawn attention to the fact that the belief in God is spontaneous and immediate. It exists before it can give account for itself. God makes "the stroke of reality" upon us as truly as does the external world. In the feeling of dependence and of obligation, God is immediately present to consciousness.

It hardly seems doubtful that the substantial thing insisted on here is true. If God exist at all, and is what Theism affirms him to be, he must be present and operative in every part of His universe, and of course in the soul which bears His image. This is what Paul declared out-right and clear on Mars Hill. Doubtless some response met his declaration in every soul that heard it. For his hearers were all religious. The human spirit is essentially religious. This all theologians avow. It may be true that stress enough has not always and everywhere been laid upon it. Dr. Smyth would seem to be very sure that this stress has not been laid enough in certain "later orthodox philosophy." However that may be, we know very well that in our systematizing we are rather apt to exaggerate the function of discursive thinking or reasoning, and to forget that the seeds of things are in the spontaneous operations which go on before reflective thought has far advanced. It is somewhat like the error of those who, because reading is such an important factor in modern knowledge, are incredulous when made acquainted with a very bright person who has never been taught that accomplishment. So far, therefore, as this super-realism draws attention to the fact that God and man are *en rapport* before man has constructed his arguments, it does us all good. "I think thy thoughts after Thee," yes, after Thee. That is indeed a truth. I feel after Thee, if haply I might find thee. But how strange that I should have to say "haply," when I know that thou art not far from any one of us; and that in thee we live and move and have our being! I have so much sympathy, and I may add yearning, for this quick and immediate, this child's recognition of God, that it hardly seems worth the while to object in a polemical way to the criticism made by Dr. Smyth on previous theological training in America, as contrasted with some enjoyed in Germany. He does scant justice, it seems to me, to that training. Even at those points in which he queries whether even Dr. Harris gains the point of highest vision, it is not clear to me that he is the highest altitude. If it is, the atmosphere is not so clear there just yet. For instance, when he defines feeling, we find that it is not feeling alone. "Feeling is man receiving the impacts upon consciousness of things." But is not this perception with the feeling? Whatever difference of terms might be used about this, it is not likely that rational theologians would object to admitting that in this sense of feeling it is the door at which both the visible and invisible world meet within us.

Indeed, I close with a deepened conviction that at such points as this of Realism in Theology, there is, or ought to be, no occasion for us to have to range ourselves within or without "the new movement." The breath of it, if we have been by the Spirit, we have all felt. The age in which we live feels it. Why on such points as these should Joseph Cook, for example, be regarded, or seek to regard himself, as standing on some north or south side of a line of cleavage in our ministry? "I believe," he says, "I know by instinct, though not by intuition, strictly so called, that there is a God." How does this differ from the realism which asserts that "our higher (sic) religious consciousness is God's potential presence in the life of man?" Surely, men who use such contentaneous sentences should not find it difficult to see eye to eye.

The cantilever bridge over Niagara River was tested by a train of twenty heavy locomotives and twenty-two loaded platform cars upon it. The train stopped at intervals, that the deflections might be measured, and the result was satisfactory.

Laymen.

Some one inquires whether, after all, the great need of Christianity, in our day, is not to find more and better work for laymen, in the carrying on of church affairs?

We should say that the first thing which it may be well to do, is precisely to call to mind what the word "layman" means, and what the exact relation may be which it holds to Christianity. It will, perhaps, surprise many to be told that the term—from *laos*, the Greek word for "the people at large"—is unknown to the Scriptures, and to early Christian literature for near two hundred years. So is its correlate term "clergyman"—and, indeed, any exact synonym for that. The word "minister" is, to be sure, found eight or ten times in the New Testament under circumstances—as [Col. i. 7] "a faithful minister of Christ"—such as to make the hasty reader take it to refer to the class whom it is now usual to call "ministers of the gospel." But such would be a surface inference, which a correct examination could not confirm. Had the Greek been literally translated, in nearly every case, it would have read, "a faithful deacon of Christ"—that is, "a person rendering service to Christ." And in every case in the New Testament, where the English word minister appears—as [Heb. viii. 2] "a minister of the sanctuary," and [1 Cor. iv. 1] "let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ"—the Greek word so translated is charged, in some form, with this simple idea of service and nothing more. So that, as to any discrimination corresponding at all to that with which we are familiar between clergymen and laymen, the New Testament is silent. So is the history of the Christian Church for nearly or quite its first two hundred years. That we may not be suspected of straining facts to make out a case, we will quote, as to this, from the latest solid utterance on the subject—Dr. Schaff's revised Church History (1883). He says [ii. 124]:

In the apostolic church preaching and teaching were not confined to a particular class, but every convert could proclaim the gospel to unbelievers, and every Christian who had the gift could pray and teach and exhort in the congregation. The New Testament knows no spiritual aristocracy or nobility, but calls all believers "saints," though many fell far short of their vocation. Nor does it recognize a special priesthood in distinction from the people, as mediating between God and the laity. It knows only one high priest, Jesus Christ, and clearly teaches the universal priesthood, as well as universal kingship, of believers. It does this in a far deeper and larger sense than the Old, in a sense, too, which even to this day is not yet fully realized. The entire body of Christians are called clergy [*clerus*], a peculiar people, the heritage of God.

As the Christian Church was made up of converts, on the one hand from Judaism, with its Levitical orders and altar, and on the other from Gentiles, who, in their paganism, had been under some system of priesthood and sacrifice; it was natural that, reverting to their past, and remaining unemancipated from all its old ideas, as the fervor of apostolic piety cooled, and the special Pentecostal illumination faded into history, the notion of a priestly class, distinct from the body of believers, should imperceptibly pass into the new religion. Accordingly, Dr. Schaff says:

After the gradual abatement of the extraordinary spiritual elevation of the apostolic age, which anticipated in its way the ideal condition of the church, the distinction of a regular class of teachers from the laity became more fixed and prominent.

The first to recognize this distinction seems to have been Ignatius, who was martyred at Rome, about A. D. 116. The first high churchman, although he nowhere represents the ministry as a sacerdotal office, he did declare the need of the orders of the ministry to a good conscience. His contemporary, Clement of Rome, first used the term "layman." Tertullian, who died about a century later, is thought to have been first to employ *clerus* [the clergy] as specially applied to ministers of the gospel, and in his writings, and those of Cyprian—who was martyred A. D. 258—these terms came into common use, until, in the Apostolic Constitutions (so called), some seventy years later, this interpolated corruption of Christianity reached its crisis in the declaration:

Every person among the laity doing anything without the priest, labors in vain.... neither do we permit the laity to perform any of the offices belonging to the priesthood.... but a person to whom such an office is not committed, but he seizes upon it for himself, he shall undergo the punishment of Uzziah.

It is a curious fact, however, that, coincidentally with all this unscriptural sacerdotalism, the New Testament idea of the universal priesthood of believers retained power enough now and then to assert itself. Even Tertullian—who, as we have said, really introduced to common use the distinctive terms which differentiated the clergy and the laity—in that famous passage [De Exhort. Cast. c. 7] where he defines the minimum of a possible church, is led by his Montanist zeal against the Pope to say:

Are not we laymen priests as well?.... "He hath made us kings and priests" [Rev. i. 6] It is the authority of the Church alone [constitutio Ecclesie auctoritas] has made a distinction between clergy and laity.... Where there is no company of ministers, *ecclesiastici ordinis non est consensus*; you administer the sacrament, you baptize, you are a priest for yourself alone. And where there are three of you, there is a church, although laymen. For each one lives by his own faith, and with God is no respect of persons.

The fourth General Council at Carthage [A. D. 398], prohibited laymen from teaching in the presence of the clergy and without their consent [Can. xviii: *Laicos, presentibus clericis nisi ipsis jubentibus, docere non audeat*]. When the Reformation broke up and cleared away some of the worst of these incrustations which had enfeebled the early Christianity, it was not strange that the movement did not extend far in

this direction, nor that even many of the Separatists of the 16th and 17th centuries so far exalted these passages which set forth the hierarchy of the Old Testament, with those in the New which enjoin due regard to them which bear rule and speak the Word of God, as to fail to restore, as to this matter, the pure doctrine of the day of the Apostles. Add to this the fact that the ministers were then, and for a century after, almost the only educated members of the church, and it will not be strange that—since they desired it—the distinction which Tertullian first made familiar was well kept up. Nor was it to be expected that churches, which—as was the fact with the Congregational churches of New England down to within one hundred and fifty years—conceded to the pastor the right with his sole negative to outvote the affirmative of the whole church besides, should dwell largely, whether in philosophy or fact, upon the rights or duties of their "lay" members.

What those rights and duties really are, we propose to consider hereafter. —[Congregationalist.]

Bless his Dear Heart.

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children—one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I met them."

The worldly auntie brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said, audibly:

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said:

"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing an angel's work; bless his dear heart!"

And we, too, said, "Bless his dear heart!" —[Peoria Call.]

Herald and Health answers the question, "Which is the best bean for food?" by saying: The Lima bean is the best; but other kinds are also excellent, and it is just as well to use a variety of sorts. Another excellent bean is Carter's Levantine Long Pod. The plant grows six feet high. Beans may be cooked in several ways, and ground to fine flour for soups. Bean soup is excellent, very nutritious and wholesome, and should appear on every table frequently.

It is greatly encouraging to note the increased interest in the world's evangelization as shown by increased contributions to foreign missions. The total contributions of British Christians the past year, including £11,539 from Roman Catholic Societies, were £1,161,175, or \$5,956,875, being about \$600,000 more than the previous year. Of this amount £500,306 were given by Church of England Societies.

There are six Sunday-schools in Halle, Germany, with 3,000 scholars.

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Home Going.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges,
Swelling out from chapel dome
And the singer's chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

"Heimgang!" Quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanchthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung,
Blessed be our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's acre,"
"Heimgang!" Always going home!
—[Selected.]

Only One Scene.

It was a dreary, miserable morning;
A heavy fog hung over the wretched
street; the rain had fallen continually
through the night, and still drizzled in
a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along,
occasionally hitting one another with their
wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud
right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing a filthy street, where the
thick, black mud entered the soles of her
sodden shoes and clung with tenacity
about her thin ankles, was a young girl
of thirteen or thereabouts. She breathed
the driving wind and shivered not from a
straight course ahead, although her weap-
ons against the elements were only a rag-
ged dress and thin faded shawl, of many
colors. Tied about her untidy mass of
hair was an old hood, while upon her feet
an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn
at the toe, did duty for one, while the
other walked bravely on in a man's dis-
carded boot, hard and bewilderingly
it was. She seemed utterly indifferent to
the rain. And why should she be other-
wise? For when one is thoroughly wet
and worn a few drops more or less either
of water or trouble makes no difference.
She hurried around the corner; and a
shiver passed through her frame with the
cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on
as fast as possible, considering her soaked
feet, held her poor, wet garment close to
her as if for protection, and soon turned
up a dark court, opened a creaking door
in a rickety tenement house, and entered.

How cold and dark and damp! Although
just what she expected. A deep sigh
escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called
"father") on the straw in the corner did not
move, and she softly opened the door into
another smaller room and looked in.
All was hushed and still. On a low
couch of straw, covered with a thin
patched army blanket, lay a little girl
of seven, pale and faded; but though the
clammy sweat stood up on the fair brow,
one could not but say, "How lovely!"
Yes, though a drunkard's forsaken child,
Lena Croft's pinched features were class-
ically beautiful. Amy knelt down by
her side, took the little thin hand in her
own, and poor child, although she did
not intend to waken her sick sister, the
hot tears that fell from her eyes had that
effect, and the blue eyes opened and fast-
ened upon her imploringly. She had
begged her father with all the strength
and pathos of her young voice to call a
physician for Lena, even getting down
upon her knees before the degraded man
with earnest pleading; but no, this heartless
father turned away from his eldest-born
and took the money that, with God's
will, would have brought relief to his
sick child, and gave it willingly to the
cruel rum-seller, who was licensed to
flood his home with poverty, hunger,
and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy! I'm
so hungry! Can I have something now?"
Amy looked at the thin cheek so touch-
ingly white, at the blue eyes that had
once beamed with laughter, and her heart
sank within her. She felt such a weight
of oppression that she could not speak.
She had promised to get something for
the sick child, and had failed. She had
rung at many basement doors, but the
servants had bade her begone. "Shure,"
said one, "o'ive enough to do without
watin' on the loikes of yez."

"You may, deary; you shall my little
lamb! Just wait a minute." And out
again she bounded (that freezing, wet,
starving child), resolved that she would
ring the front door-bells and see the ladies
themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired
feet seemed shod with wings. She hur-
ried through the streets and rung the
front door-bell of the first respectable
house. A tidy housemaid opened the
door, and in answer to Amy's pleading,
"Please may I see the lady?" she re-
ceived, "You dirty girl, to come up these
clean steps with your muddy feet.
Begone this instant!" And the door
slammed in her face. She turned des-
pairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at
home haunting her) and pulled the next
bell. As the servant opened the door,
Amy said quickly, "My little sister is
starving; please give me something for
her."

"Beggars should go to back doors,"
angrily answered the girl, and was about
to close the door, when a gentle voice
called: "Let her step in on the oil-cloth
so I can see her."

"But, shure, she's droppin' wet,
ma'am, and covered with mud."
"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly, and
Amy stepped in.

"Oh! how lovely," thought the poor
outcast. "How bright and nice everything
is!" And her eyes wandered to the
sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the
crimson hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"
"Oh, ma'am! something for my sister;
my poor little sister is sick and dyin',
and starvin'!"

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy, tell
the cook to give her part of my beef tea
in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and some bread
and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with
a thankful heart, and the world looked
brighter to her young eyes as she ran to
the hovel she called home, although the
rain still fell pitilessly. As she entered

her door the tattered heap in the corner
moved, and the miserable father raised
himself with difficulty to a sitting posture
and looked at her with an ill-tempered
leer. He had grown so bitter and re-
vengeful in his dissipation, that Amy
shuddered with dread.

"What are you carryin' so sneakin'?"
he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin',
father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm
starvin' and thirstin' too."

"Oh, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'!"
moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable
wreck on the floor; but he raised himself
slowly and uttered a threat so terrible,
ending with the words, "Pity ye wan't
but dyin'; ye better look or ye will;
bring me the basket, I say;" and Amy
tremblingly handed it to him. Snatching
it from her, he swallowed the beef tea as
if famished, then greedily followed with
as much of the bread as he could possibly
eat; then he rose with difficulty, and,
wapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tot-
tered to the door. Amy stood looking
with horrified eyes, but with great effort
asked: "Where are you going with the
jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"Oh, father! leave me the jelly, or
Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung
her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're
good enough for such brats as ye
are," and the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bed-room door trem-
blingly. How could she face her little
sister without food again and tell her
there was none? But there was no
need; Lena had heard all. Through the
little broken window came a feeble ray of
light, revealing a smile on the white lips,
sweeter and lovelier than sunlight. She
held out her thin hand to Amy, and the
heart-broken girl caught it between her
own and covered it with scalding tears,
as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy.
I'm sleepy; but I love you sister Amy.
Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma.
I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any
more, will I sister?" Amy's tears were
falling faster than the raindrops outside,
but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you, sister
soon—soon. No tears there—mamma!"
And the little sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tired heart has found peace;
up the golden stairs her little feet have
gone. But oh, Father, the other!—[Na-
tional Temperance Advocate.]

Sleep and Ruin.

I think the intellectual and moral con-
nections of sleeping have not been suf-
ficiently appreciated. Men and boys have
been praised for "burning the midnight
oil." Now, this "midnight oil" is a
delusion and a snare. The student
who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock
every night, and wide-awake at seven
o'clock every morning, is going to surpass
another student of the same intellectual
ability, who goes to bed after twelve
and rises before five. In sleep, the plate
on which the picture is to be taken
is receiving its chemical preparation; and
it is plain that that which is the best
prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when
they are awake are the wisest awake
when they are awake.

Great workers must be great resters.
Every man who has clerks in his em-
ploy ought to know what their sleeping
habits are. The young man that is up
till two, three, and four o'clock in the
morning, and must put in his appearance
at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock
and work all day, cannot repeat this
process many days without a certain shak-
iness coming into his system, which he
will endeavor to steady by some delusive
stimulus. It is in this way that many
a young man begins his course to ruin.

He need not necessarily have been in bad
company. He has lost his sleep, and is
losing his strength and grace.

Here is the outline of the history of a
suicide within my own knowledge. A
young man, a stranger in New York, in
a good situation, in a large boarding-
house, has pleasant young companions;
spends his evenings out; goes to mid-
night parties; his nerves become dis-
turbed, then a little drink; a little mis-
take in business, another drink; reproof
from employer, more drink; more mis-
takes; loss of situation; no help from
frivolous companions; money all gone;
then credit all gone; then turned out of
the boarding-house; wandering in the
street; mortification; desperation; shoots
himself.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

"Come Home."

A poor woman lost her only daughter
in the vicious whirlpool depths of Lon-
don life. The girl left a pure home, to
be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery
and abandonment. The mother, with a
breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnardo,
and telling him the story, asked if he
could help to find the lost one. The
genial doctor said: "Yes, I can; get your
photograph taken, frame a good many
copies, write under the picture 'Come
home,' and send them to me." The doc-
tor sent the photographs to the gin-pal-
aces, music halls, and other places which
wretched outcasts are in the habit of fre-
quenting, and got them hang in con-
spicuous places. One night the girl,
with some companions in sin, as she en-
tered one of these dens of iniquity, saw
her mother's carte. Struck with aston-
ishment, she looked closely at it, and
saw the invitation written beneath. To
whom was it addressed? To her? Yes.
She saw by that token that she was for-
given; and that night she returned to her
mother's arms, just as she was. This is
God's loving cry to every wanderer,
"Come home!" and there is a loving
welcome; full of sweetest forgiveness, for
all who cheerfully respond to it.—[Ex.]

Advice is like snow: the softer it falls,
the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper
it sinks into the mind.—[Coleridge.]

Do Your Best.

A gentleman once said to a physician,
"I should think that at night you would
feel so worried over the work of the day
that you would not be able to sleep."

"My head hardly touches the pillow,
when I fall asleep," replied the physician.
"I made up my mind," he continued,
"at the commencement of my profes-
sional career, to do my best under all
circumstances; and, so doing, I am not
troubled by any misgivings."

A good rule for us to follow. Too
many are disposed to say: "No matter
how I do this work now; next time, I'll
do better." The practice is as bad as
the reasoning. "No matter how I learn
this lesson in the lower class; when I get
into a higher department, then I'll study."

As well might the mother in knitting
stockings say, "No matter how the tip is
done; even if I do drop a stitch now and
then, I'll do better when I get further
along." What kind of a stocking would
that be?

As well might the builder say: "I don't
care how I make the foundation of this
house; anything will do here. Wait till
I get to the top, then I'll do good work."

Said Sir Joshua Reynolds once to
Doctor Samuel Johnson, "Pray tell me,
sir, by what means have you attained
such extraordinary accuracy and flow of
language in the expression of your ideas?"

"I laid it down as a fixed rule," re-
plied the doctor, "to do my best on every
occasion, and in every company to impart
what I know in the most forcible lan-
guage I can put it."—[The Wellspring.]

Sin Stains The Soul.

BY THE LATE MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

I once heard about a boy who dreamed
that he was taken to the gate of heaven
but could not enter in because of some-
thing he had done. An angel opened a
large book with names recorded in it.
He saw his name with a great black
stain opposite to it, and it was a lie that
he had told the day before; and he
could not enter heaven till that black spot
was removed from the book. The angel
told him to go back to earth and pray to
God to take away that stain against his
soul, and then he might come again and
enter into the heavenly city. God had
said no one could enter there "who lov-
eth or maketh a lie," and "all liars shall
be cast into the lake of fire," if they did
not repent and forsake their sin.

The poor boy awoke from his sleep crying
and in great distress. His mother heard
him, and went to his room. When she
asked him why he was crying, he told
her his sad dream, and asked her to pray
that God would forgive him and take
the black spot away. While his mother
and he prayed, Jesus came to him and
said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go
and sin no more."

Has any dear child who reads this a
stain of sin upon his soul? If so, none
but Jesus can wash it away. His
precious blood can take all the stains of
sin away; and make us pure and clean,
so that he will love to look upon us, and
will take us to his beautiful city above,
when we leave this world.—[Guide to
Holiness.]

To-morrow.

I often think of the illustration of the
beautiful dove which flew into the chimney.
A few prompt, strong flaps of the wing would
have carried it out into the air and the sun-
shine. But it fluttered down into the dark,
sooty flue, and soon, blinded and suffocated
by the smoke, it dropped into the flames of
the grate beneath. This is a vivid picture
of a human soul. If you will make the
quick, strong effort of obedience to the call
of Christ, you may rise heavenward. The
help, the grace, the strength are offered you.
But if you do not obey him quickly you will
find yourself sinking into the darkness and
blinding delusions which will end in the
flames of remorse. This is the way millions
have sunk into the fires that are never
quenched.

Let us set it down, then, that all good
impulses grow weaker and die by delay.
Sin grows stronger at every victory. Under
the double process the heart hardens toward
God. In these wintry days the sun loses its
power and the earth freezes rapidly as it
draws towards sunset. Time is not in your
favor in the great matter of securing your
salvation; it is against you. To-day Christ
will save you if you accept him. But as
Dr. Cheever has forcibly said, "Faith in to-
morrow instead of Christ, is the devil's
decoy-net to perdition."—[Dr. Cuyler.]

GRIEVING THE HOLY SPIRIT.—A perfect
Christian can grieve the Holy Spirit of God:
1. By such conversation as is not profitable,
not to the use of edifying, not apt to minis-
ter grace to the hearer. 2. By relapsing into
bitterness or want of kindness. 3. By wrath,
lasting displeasure, or want of tender-heart-
edness. 4. By anger, however soon over;
want of instantly forgiving one another. 5.
By clamor, or brawling, loud, harsh,
rough speaking. 6. By evil speaking, whis-
pering, tale-bearing, needlessly mentioning
the fault of an absent person, though in
ever so soft a manner.—[John Wesley.]

"Let all things be done decently and
in order," is an injunction which should
be specially observed in the Sunday-
school. This means promptness in at-
tendance and in obeying the signals from
the desk. It implies attention to, and
participation in all the general exercises,
and reverential attitude during prayer.
It is of great importance that we give at-
tention to order and system, if we would
be effective in our grand work of charac-
ter building.

Utah.—Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, of New
York city, has given \$1,000 to furnish
the new school building of the Woman's
Home Missionary Society in Salt Lake
City. Seventy have joined our church
there since June.

Joseph Cook declares that the two
great evils of Christendom are *luxurious
living* on the part of church members,
and *loose thinking* among religious
teachers.

There is no truth that our young men
have to learn more important than this—
that to admire that which is right is one
thing, but to do what is right is another.
—[Robertson.]

THOUSANDS MADE HAPPY.

EVERY ONE OFFERED THE SAME CHANCE!

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TEST IT,

Compared with the immense benefits offered, and no one should pass it by because the promises are so startling.

A Blessing to Womankind!

THE TERRORS OF WASH DAY DONE AWAY WITH!
ONE-QUARTER THE TIME OF THE OLD WAY AND NO TROUBLE.
JUST THINK OF IT. No Boiling, No Rubbing, No Steam!

The wash-boiler done away with entirely. A small kettle full of hot water will do for a large wash, as the water when used need be only lukewarm. Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, if you want to make the one happy who does the washing, send 12 cents for a sample cake of "DEATH ON DIRT" SOAP to

ALLISON BROS., Sole Manufacturers, Middleton, Conn.

If your grocer does not keep it. There is one point to be observed—the directions must be followed; they are so simple that a child can use the Soap, but they must be strictly followed in order to secure the benefit promised. Read them:

DIRECTIONS—All we do to our clothes is to put them in a tub of warm water; then take out one piece at a time; soap lightly; be careful to touch soiled places; then roll up and put them back under the water. Let them remain from one-half to an hour; then take them out, rub lightly, and the dirt will disappear. Should any dirty spots remain, soap those places again; put back as before; then rinse in warm water; then to the blue water, using less bluing than usual; then wring and hang out, and you will find your clothes cleaner, whiter and sweeter than can be done with any other soap or compound.

There is Nothing else that will do as well as

"DEATH ON DIRT."

No other soap or compound making similar claims contains the same ingredients or can do the work so well. It is the great labor-saving invention of the age for

WOMAN'S EXCLUSIVE BENEFIT,

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, March 26, 1884.

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Copies of the Pacific of Feb. 27th, 1884, are needed at the office, 7 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Shall we receive a few from our friends.

San Francisco is given to "sensations." The "sensation" of to-day is Patti. People have gone wild over this Italian singer. The rush to hear her, and the prices paid for tickets are unprecedented in the history of our city. Our daily newspapers head articles on the subject as follows: "Mad Mortals," "People crazy over Patti." It may be that some of our good Christian people are going with the multitude. They may not have thought of the principles involved. They have no desire to be a party in any wrong. They do not wish to compromise themselves or their Christian profession; but they are passionately fond of good music, and Patti is the songstress of the world, and they want to listen to her sweet voice. The immorality of the opera is too often unthought of, and countenance is given unintentionally to vile practices by those who abhor and despise them.

In this connection we commend to our readers the article on our first page, by Rev. M. Willett, entitled "From Asaph to Patti." If our brother is wrong in the position there taken, our columns are open to a fair reply. If he is right, as we think he is, then going with the multitude to the opera, is going with the multitude to do evil.

We give extracts in another column from the tenth annual report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Under the leadership of Anthony Comstock, this Society has done and is doing a grand work in the great metropolis. A like work is greatly needed in this city. The article by "Athena," on "San Francisco's Taste in Pictures," in this PACIFIC, shows the evil in one direction to a most shameful degree. The law against these obscene pictures is very plain. It only needs to be vigorously and faithfully executed under the spur of a aroused public sentiment. One arrest has been made during the past week, and we hope are the end of this week that both he and other law-breakers of his class will learn that this law is not a dead letter.

The paper read by the Rev. W. C. Pond, of this city, last week, before the students of the Pacific Theological Seminary, was on "The Pastor as an Expositor and Interpreter." Some of the points made were these: The Pastor is a "minister of Christ, and a steward of the mysteries of God." Mysteries are truths hidden, except as made known by a divine revelation. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." "Opening and alleging" are the words which must govern the preacher. "Opening" is the word for the expositor. It is a great gift to be able "rightly to divide the word of truth." The object of it all is to "feed the flock of God." Pastors are to announce. They are heralds. They do not show themselves, but what they have found in searching the Scriptures. They strive to make the hearers wise unto salvation. So to do pastors must know their people, and come to the level of their deficiencies. A good example in simplicity and directness as an expositor is Dr. John Hall, of New York. How to become good expositors is the difficulty, of course. The aids are a good, kept-up acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek, not necessarily critical. Conscientiously study every text in the original. Read frequently a psalm, or expound a chapter. Then, a set of good commentaries; germane, but not too German—Matthew Henry not to be despised. A Student's Bible, with pages interleaved, is invaluable. The references will finally become keys to great store-houses of thought. Study the scriptural passage closely in the English version. Then examine it in the original for fresh suggestions and shades of meaning. Let the passage question you, while you question it.

Follow no commentator slavishly. Put materials into logical order, and make an organic whole, through which God's spirit can breathe. (The 65th Psalm was used as a specimen of expository method. This was shown to be a missionary Psalm.) The opportunities for exposition are, in teacher's meetings—classes for young people—and the regular preaching services. You can make the Scripture lesson an expository one, by the true emphasis in tone and reading, by repetition, and by remarks. You can have regular Bible-readings. You can preach expository sermons, properly so called. Study them well. Persevere! Be determined to succeed, to win the case, to gain the points with hearers, and to make God's word a wondrous power, because he is in it.

Since their coming among us, both the Rev. Charles Loyson (Pere Hyacinthe) and his wife have been heard in private and in public. They deserve a hearing for themselves and for their cause. And any sort of work they may prepare to do, we may be sure will be a good work and faithfully performed. For what it is worth they can always have our hearty endorsement. Pere Hyacinthe is a man of great personal worth, and charms all by his eloquence. He has accomplished something worth while toward the reforming of the Roman Catholic church. Still he has been able to effect less than was expected of him ten years ago. He labors under great difficulties. Some of them grow out of his position. He calls himself a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic. (The Roman Catholics, of course, disown him.) He does not wish to be considered a Protestant. So, being neither the one nor the other, he is not understood by the general public, who wish a leader to be an extreme man; the more so the better. He wishes to reform the Roman Church from within, but he is not far enough within to get hold of its multitudes; and he is not far enough without to get any powerful leverage under them. And so his success is relatively small. The late Dr. F. C. Ewer, of New York, was in good standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church; but he took to ritualism, threw away the word Protestant, (and afterwards abused it) and called himself a "Catholic," as Pere Hyacinthe does. The most misapprehended him, because they saw no broad ground between Protestantism and Romanism, and only a few followed him. So, between the reluctance of Roman Catholics to return to "Old Catholicism," and the hesitation of Protestants to go back to it, the distinguished French priest finds it difficult to rally about himself and his ideas any large, enthusiastic, following; any organized aggressive force. In these days ideas need embodiment, sinews, arms, vehemence and leadership.

In the reports of the celebration of "charter-day" at the State University, at Berkeley, last Saturday, we see much to cheer and encourage all friends of the Institution. We refer, of course, to the public exercises of the morning. (Of the social) in the afternoon we know nothing.) The address of Prof. Kellogg, on behalf of the Faculty, was exceedingly good, and very practical. We quote a single paragraph: "What are the objects of College life? Chiefly two: to gain knowledge, and to discipline the mind. This knowledge and this discipline look forward to practical use. The world is before the young student and he has his way to make in it. There will be sharp competition for the prizes of life. Most candidates for future success have all too short a time for preparation. They cannot go into training too early; they cannot train too earnestly. Time will be called in most cases before the athlete is fairly ready. With this sure outlook, with this looming necessity, are college days to be chiefly given to idleness and 'good times'? How few these days are, after all! How many useful things cry out for attention, for which the student has no time! He has continually to turn his back on most inviting fields. The further he goes, the more there is to claim his notice and study. Is this a time for dawdling, for simpering and mincing, for a minimum of study and a maximum of fun? Let there be fun enough to lubricate the wheels; but let the wheels go straight forward. It is a chariot for conquest, not for pleasuring."

One of the veterans, Dr. Dorus Clark, of Boston, has passed away. He was one who stood for the old paths. It was only a few weeks ago, at the annual meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, that the venerable President, Marshall P. Wilder, himself an octogenarian, stopped in his address and calling Dr. Clark to stand by him on the platform, introduced him to his fellow members as having on that day completed 87 years of life.

The Legislature of the State convened, in extra session, by special proclamation of the Governor, Monday noon. It will take a week, probably, to get the body into working order, and refer the Governor's message to the appropriate committees. Possibly a set of new special committees will have to be appointed, attended by some strife for the chief places on them. It is already hinted that the ostensible reasons assigned for calling the body together were not the chief reasons, after all, and that these chief reasons were political rather than financial, and in order to fix things for the fall elections and the rotations in office. This may be but a surmise. At best, however, we shall be called on to exercise some patience; more than we shall have, perchance, unless we pray for it. If we pray aright, this session may have a happier outcome than now we fear.

The great Council, called by the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, in New York, to consider the difficulties by which it was surrounded, has formulated its conclusions and adjourned. The deliverance of the Council we have seen only in part. What we have seen is eminently worthy of so distinguished a body; which could not mistake the customs of our churches, and could err only in the application of them to the case in hand. The chief trouble in the church, originally, was that half of its members were not raised in Congregational churches, and did not understand their methods. They seemed to think (as foreigners coming to America sometimes fancy) that majorities can do what they please, and that minorities have no rights—to speak of. Congregational churches are in their polity simply sacred republics, where individuals and minorities must be duly respected and kindly treated. Till common sense is sanctified it is even out of place in a Christian church.

The new Secretary of the American Board, in place of the lamented Means, is Prof. Judson Smith of Oberlin. Prof. Smith was greatly admired at Oberlin. Several efforts have been made in former years to attract him Eastward to important positions. He has done an important work among the students in organizing the China Board for the occupation of Shens, one of the interior Provinces in the north of China. The post of secretary in so great an institution as the American Board has become, is a responsible post. It is no sinecure. Difficult and delicate questions are always rising. Men in such places need the sympathy and prayers of them that are within as well as the criticism of them that are without.

The editorial reception of the New Statement of Doctrines is generally appreciative. We think entirely so among the Congregational editors. Our principal exchange among the Presbyterians of the South is, however, far from idolatry toward the creed. For it remarks: "It is marked by generalities. A more thoroughly non-committal document would be hard to prepare. On the one hand, it presents Jesus as the Saviour, but on the other hand, it carefully avoids all that would give a distinctive character to the creed."

The Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, notes that, "the general characteristics of the Statement is that it reaffirms the old truths, while avoiding the old technical terms. The brevity of the Statement hinders definiteness on many points, and it is possible that the indefiniteness was thought desirable."

The Evangelist, of N. Y., is a good deal warmer. This is its verdict: "The new creed is a model of brevity, conciseness, and accuracy of definition, simplicity and depth of statement. It is essentially an *irreducibile* creed, the forerunner of *irreducibles* in other denominations, which will take the place, after a while, of the polemic creeds of the seventeenth century." And it adds: "It is nearer the consensus of Christendom than any other symbol save the Apostles' Creed. It will prove a tower of strength to the denomination which now raises it upon their banners."

The tenth annual report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice gives in its "tabular statement" for 1883, as follows: Persons arrested, 128; disagreed, or pleaded guilty, 126; disagreement of juries, 1; bail bonds forfeited, \$7000; obscene pictures and photographs confiscated, 11,759; circulars, catalogues, songs, poems, etc., confiscated, 657; open letters seized in possession of arrested, 1000; obscene pictures framed on walls of saloons, 1; figures and images seized and destroyed, 76; lottery tickets, 2,721; lottery circulars, 17,324; lotteries suppressed, 10. This is only a part of the tabular statement of the good work done. The report says: "Our Secretary, Anthony Comstock, has, at the request of Christian women, presented such facts as are proper to present, to conventions of female philanthropists, on different occasions. A letter containing facts was presented to a convention of mothers at Detroit; an earnest appeal was made to them to take some action against these vile papers. One lady went to her home in Effingham, Ill., and appealed to Hon. James McCarthey, the Attorney General of that

State, for his opinion, which has since been sent to every paper in that State for publication by the Western Society for the Suppression of Vice. We quote the following, as words of wisdom and sound judgment. Speaking of these papers, which we see flaunted from news-stands, he says: 'The most dangerous of all pictures, and the most corrupting of all written or printed matter, is that which conceals the most indecent parts while leading the imagination forward toward the conception of the most licentious things. If what is left to the imagination were pictured in full, modesty would be so shocked that it might not return again to the contemplation, but when led forward gradually, the mind becomes imperceptibly corrupted, and when this is once accomplished the line between purity and impurity is obliterated and opportunity is but wanting to steep the subject in licentiousness and crime.'

Says the report: "We have advanced one step in 1883 over any previous year. We have checked a licentious French art, or rather specimens of it, and by a single verdict in the Oyer and Terminer Court in New York city, we have cleared many shop windows, and checked the tide of obscenity which had been coming from France and other European countries under the specious protection of art. We maintain that Genius has no more right to be nasty than the common mind; that the French artist has no right to debauch the minds and morals of our land, simply because he has conceived in his mind a lascivious picture, and then wrought it upon canvas. It is not a question of art at all; it is simply this, shall foreigners or others, bring lewd, obscene and indecent pictures here and display them in public windows, to the detriment of the morals of our youth? The law says no. There are many decisions where paintings and original works of art have been suppressed under the common law. We simply enforce the law. The Western Society, Mr. R. W. McAfee agent, in the face of great opposition and many embarrassments, has accomplished much good. In one of his cases he has secured a reversal of the absurd ruling of U. S. Commissioner Allen in the Eastern District, upon the word 'writing' in the act of Congress, which declares 'Any obscene writing non-mailable.' Mr. Allen had ruled that this did not apply to a writing, no matter how obscene, if inclosed in a sealed envelope. Judge Drummond, of the Circuit Court of Illinois, overruled this, holding that if the writing was obscene it was non-mailable, and affirming the conviction of the lower court, taking care to say he had examined the adverse decision of Mr. Commissioner Allen, and considered it too narrow. Justice Harlan, of the U. S. Supreme Court, fully concurred in the above."

"Having a Good Time." One of the most revealing tests of a man's character is the question, *what are his pleasures?* Tell us what style of recreation is most entertaining to him when he seeks to enliven dull hours, or to occupy a vacant evening, and we shall know his prevailing taste, his highest ideal of comfort and joy. The secret of his supreme choice is in such development, and in that choice is expressed the predominant coloring of his life.

The sterner and soberer occupation of his time, to which he gives unwearied diligence, may or may not carry with it his deepest delight. There may be many another reason for his absorption in it than that it is most welcome to his prevalent longing. But, when he is free to provide for his pleasures, tell us which way he looks, what gives him sweetest gratification, and you disclose to us the genuine personality of the man.

Does his heart leap within him when he comes toward a table covered with physical dainties? Would it be a sharp self-denial to him to be turned away from indulging in those luxuries? Would it be difficult for him to forgive any important one who should step between him and this attractive portion? Or, if the opportunity should be presented to him to relieve some poor and suffering family, to carry supplies to some home of sickness and want, would such an errand of mercy give him a more rewarding satisfaction?

He has a leisure evening. It is prayer-meeting night in the church where he habitually worships. Within the walls there is some merry and attractive farce advertised on the floor of "the stage." Which scene draws with chief force on his desire? Yielding to either call, in which direction is he conscious of a ruling preference?

He is bound by the ties of some official appointment to meet with his confederates and plan and execute some effective ministry of beneficence to the unfortunate and the erring. But he is invited at the same hour to the evening festivities of some gay social gathering, where music, feasting and dancing regale the senses. Will he regret the official bondage that keeps him from "having a good time" with the social merry-making; or will the pulsations of his heart be deepest and strongest in the direction of those whose need he may bless, or whose bondage to evil he may release?

And in the manifold observance of the Sabbath day, is our ideal of enjoyment in the thrilling periods of a grand oratory, the organ swell, the stirring and melting tones of musical voices, the glances interchanged with enthusiastic fellow-worshippers? Or is the question of personal duty more absorbing, the joys of its solution more abiding, the act of leading youthful souls to Jesus and his salvation, a dearer and holier privilege?

To win approbation and applause for some performance of ours; or, without appreciation, to help and cheer a neighbor in the crisis of some disaster, which conveys to us the keenest luxury?

We may go on asking such questions

through all the round of our being. And the answers that testify to the reality of our most coveted and rewarding choices will stamp the character with its ruling features. *What pleases us most? What dish is sweetest to our taste? Where do we have the best time?*

May we know what is our prevailing spirit, and understand the secret of our character.

A. L. S.

A miser from Arizona came to this city last week with \$500 in his pockets. Thus loaded, he went about to see the town in its worst parts, patronizing various saloons on the way. Such a course made him game for thieves, and before he had been in the city forty-eight hours, every dollar had been stolen. The thieves have been caught, but the money is still missing, and this poor, foolish miser has only himself to blame in his miff. We do not have very much sympathy for men who have no more sense. Too many men come to San Francisco and throw their money away thus foolishly, and then come to the Y. M. C. Association, or to other good people and complain bitterly if they do not get liberal and immediate assistance. If a stranger don't know better than to carry \$500 about with him, and go drinking and "traveling" in the bad parts of this city, he don't know enough to take care of himself, and ought not to be allowed to show his face here.

Home Missionary Col.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Rev. John T. March.

On Sunday, March 23, a large and deeply afflicted congregation assembled in the church at Etna, Scott Valley, to pay their last tribute of sorrow and friendship to their late pastor and friend, the Rev. John T. March. We have as yet no particulars of his death and funeral except the telegram which came to us dated Etna, March 23, and which read, "Rev. Mr. March died Friday, after one week's illness of pneumonia. Buried to-day. Large funeral."

The news came to us, as it will to many who knew him, as a bolt from a clear sky. His last letters, so recent, were full of cheer, both in his work and prospects. He was enjoying the climate—the field. His interest in the people of his charge, as well as their attachment to him, growing daily. It had not occurred to us for a moment the possibility that the next word would be his translation. The summons came, indeed, as a "thief in the night," but it found him ready—found him at his post with his armor on. His hands were full of work and the workers were beginning to respond to his eager spirit and high example.

It is this that seems so strange, even to the Christian's faith, that in the midst of his power and usefulness the faithful man is laid aside by death at a moment's call, while many who have but little to do or are doing nothing live on and on. The veil once lifted, however, all these dark providences will resolve into the blessed truth—"He doeth all things well."

Brother Marsh, accompanied with his wife, went to Scott Valley late in September, and received free and cordial welcome from the churches in Etna, Callahan, Oro Fino and Fort Jones. He found much to be done, and immediately laid hold of his work in such a way as to secure for himself the confidence and co-operation of his people.

Pastoral work in a valley of 24 miles in length and occupied with four churches imposed exacting duties as to strength and time. Never stalwart in health and endurance, he doubtless worked up to the limit of his ability. His quarterly report in January gave a record of extensive work performed and the promise of results soon to follow. He has gone before to his reward. Those who knew him will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Our brother came to us from Colfax, Wash. Ter. He went there from Harpersburg, N. Y., where he had labored seven or more years.

He was well known to some of our ministers and others as a student in Yale. He was the son of Rev. John Marsh, of New York City, who for many years before his death was the foremost Temperance man in the country. He fully shared the spirit and principles of the father. He, the son, was a man endowed with a pure spirit and gentle manners, was intelligent, scholarly, cultured, and full of heart and work to do the Master's work. His ability to lead in the service of song proved an important auxiliary to his success. "With charity for all, and enmity to none," he seemed to have no enemy in the world. His loss will be difficult to make up. The field left vacant by his death is one that needs constant shepherding; the little churches cannot be left long unsupplied without loss. The harvest is ready for the sickle.

The man who follows him will find very little to undo. Who, and where is he? We want to hear the man who is ready say: "Here am I, send me."

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

There will be a Sunday-school Convention next week, on Thursday afternoon and evening, at the First Congregational Church. Details next week.

At the last meeting of the Monday Club, Rev. Dr. Barrows presented the subject, "The Church and Reform." The essay was deeply interesting; referring especially to slavery, temperance, arts and sciences, theology, Sabbath-schools, and other movements. Amongst the visitors at the Club were Rev. Joseph Adams, of Oroville; Rev. W. H. Tubb, of Contra Costa county; Rev. Mr. Hill, of Utah, and Rev. Dr. Belden, of this city.

"The Law and Rule of Christian Giving" will be the theme at the next meeting of the Monday Club. Prof. Benton is to present it.

"Moses in the Ark" was Dr. Barrows' subject at the First church, last Sabbath morning. At night the doctor's theme was "Law and Liberty," having especial reference to the work of Pere Hyacinthe, now visiting this city.

At Plymouth church last Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. T. K. Noble, preached on "The Supreme Duty of following Christ." In the evening there was a Sabbath-school concert and praise service.

Rev. Herbert Macy preached at the Y. M. C. A. Hall Sabbath afternoon. There was a Sunday-school concert in the Fourth church, Sabbath evening. A large audience was present.

At Bethany church, Rev. W. C. Pond preached on "The Corner Stone, a Stone of Stumbling." At night the Band of Hope had an interesting meeting.

The congregation at the Scandinavian service, held by Rev. T. T. Frickstad, last Sabbath in this city, was the largest he has had here.

"Wilt Thou be Made Whole," was Pastor Rowell's theme, at the Mariners' church last Sabbath. Two hopeful conversions are reported.

Prof. Moor preached Sabbath morning at West Oakland, and Rev. Walter Frear officiated at Plymouth Avenue.

Rev. Aaron Williams preached at San Quentin.

In Petaluma, Rev. W. F. Furman being indisposed, Rev. A. L. Rankin officiated Sabbath morning, to a large congregation.

At Berkeley, Rev. C. A. Savage preached a Home Mission sermon on the words "Give ye them to eat." A Home Missionary collection was taken up. At night Mr. Savage's subject was "The Model Prayer."

Rev. Joseph Adams, of Oroville, preached at Sacramento last Sabbath on "Pilate's Exhibition of Christ," and "The First Thing to be Sought for."

At the Congregational church in Oroville, last Sunday, Rev. Jessie Wood preached at 11 o'clock; subject, "What is Truth?" At 7:30 p. m. Rev. Henry Ve non preached on "The Bible the only reliable source of evidence of the existence of Deity."

Rev. W. H. Tubb, of Contra Costa Co., gives good reports from his different fields.

At Cloverdale last Sunday, Rev. W. L. Jones had his church full, both morning and evening. His efficient labors are very apparent; the Sunday-school also is full. His subject in the morning was "The duty of Christian effort for others." The evening subject was, "The creative power of God and proofs of his existence." "Let there be light."

A stormy night recently prevented the good people of the Sonoma church and congregation in their prearranged plan to surprise the pastor and his family. Rainy weather, however, could not hinder their goodness of heart from expressing itself, and so for several days past substantial remembrances have been sent to the pastor's home, assuring him again of the good-will of his people. H. H. W.

Sonoma, March 24, 1884.

The painful news has come to hand that our worthy brother, Rev. J. T. Marsh, of Etna Mills, in the northern part of the State, after a short illness of a few days, died last Friday. We deeply sympathize with those bereaved by the lamented death of our dear brother.

RENO.—One received to membership on confession at the last communion, and one more, at least, proposes to join the next.

Rev. W. A. Tenney preached a Home Missionary sermon Sabbath morning at Grass Valley. A collection was taken amounting to \$53.65.

Pere Hyacinthe lectured in Trinity Episcopal Church in this city last Sabbath evening on "Catholic Unity." The house was packed by an audience, of whom probably three-fourths could not understand a word of the French language, in which the address was given. It was enough for them to hear the tones of voice, and see the man.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Ten members were recently added to the Woodbridge church in this city.—The congregations at Westminster church are increasing.—Ten persons were received into Calvary church, this city, at the last communion.

The way "P"

A mile and a little way to the east of this little church and chairs for a few of them at one end, room for the

This building service was and has been Mr. E. C. Service. Or his wife, and they stop at Home," near start early open the school service comment attending Church where. Abc and children women play Mrs. Mayhew always have opening ex Mayhew tars into closes the f can have the Mr. Mahew regular Sund the men, won remarks, and The zest and lead one to the the chapel.

This proposition Association north of the p teries. Who help build little these lots? leased land in Who will help Small sums an E. Ager is The Association no expenses, and buildings who will gla schools and se

COMPETITION

Ho Plymouth A was filled last ence assembled Hopkins Acad for two prizes and ten dollars by friends of the declamation. peared upon the Shilling, of Coe of Union of Jo James B. Hug from speaking; mouth, subject James A. Moon "Statesmanship Bodwell, Jr., of tice Versus Expi S. Woodhams, shazzar's Doon McMurtry, of subject, "The speaking through ing the careful men by Mr. W tor in elocution Award consist Principal of S Gilson, City St and Mr. C. B. University of C erable deliberat Mr. Snell, anno lows: First prize well; the second try. The prize Mr. Jewett, P enny, and the e an end.

Does Pro

Editor PACIFIC ple, and membe lieve in tempera general way, de stand, calculat any body else the thread-bare can't do it," and hibit." Of cou about as sensibl punish murder, infractions of the which I copy fro ly, may have th "erring brother. "The receipts for all kinds of ibition States, co States at large,

RE

Maine..... Vermont..... Kansas..... Mass..... United States..... Judge McCon District of Teo counties and district, withou or place wh drink of liquor. drunkard among Crime has been Grand Juries w formerly, now b marshals are n changed the fe dity. In Maryla hibition, with a had but 469 counties under habitants, had 3 In Maine ever in the State has There is not a o two or three ci neglect to do th In Kansas th forced. Ex-Go the prohibitory any other crim

Out and Under.

Out on the promises boldly I stand,
Jesus' own promises; Oh, they are grand!
Just now in its power it flows over me,
Cleansed and made pure in that blest crimson flood.

Glorious salvation! so full and so free!
Glory to Jesus! He sanctifies me.

Out on the promises; wonderful, sure,
His own precious word, it for aye shall endure.

Under the blood, its bright glory I see,
Just now in its power it flows over me.
Praise Him, oh, praise Him! the Saviour is mine,
Glorious fullness of Love all divine.

Out on the promises faithful and true,
Under where His Spirit my heart can renew;
Under the blood, oh, the ecstatic bliss!
Surely a foretaste of heaven is this.

Are greater joys known to angels above?
A sinner, redeemed by His infinite love.

Out from the world, its allurements and snares;
Out from my doubts, my fears and my cares;
Under His shadow securely to rest,
Led by His hand who loves me the best.

Blessings and mercies o'erwhelm as a flood,
While out on the promises, under the blood.

Out on the promises, doing His will,
Looking to Him his own word to fulfill;
Under the blood, where the blest, precious flow
Washes and keeps me "e'en whiter than snow."

Ever I'll praise Him. All glory to God!
I'm out on the promises, under the blood.

Her Standard.—In Two Chapters.

BY H. C.

CHAPTER II.

It was more than two hours before the carriage stopped. By that time Chatty was numb and sleepy with the cold, although she had pulled the ample robes all over her. When the carriage stopped it was very dark, and a heavy storm was blowing up. Chatty noticed little. She scarcely knew how she got into the house, but she dimly felt that some one was giving her hot drinks and tucking her into a feather bed, where she fell asleep immediately.

The next morning the sunshine, filling the room, roused her. At first she lay dreamily wondering why the rising bell did not ring. Then she recollected where she was, and jumped up quickly, full of eager curiosity to see Hardscrabble and her aunt. The warmth in her room from the wood fire on the broad hearth was delightful when contrasted with the tiny register at school.

The room was quite large, and to Chatty exceedingly pleasant. It was pleasant enough for anyone, however. It had three great windows with deep cushioned sills, whose scarlet-red coverings had faded to a dull red. The high wainscoting was of walnut, as was also the floor, on which great braided rugs lay in front of the bed and stands, and a lamb's pelt before the fire place. The chairs were the stiff, lumpy-backed ones, so fashionable with our grandmothers, but drawn up by the fire was a splint-bottomed rocker, which by its homely air, made amends for the stiff, haircloth set. The bed was a huge feather one, covered with a silk quilt. A bureau and wash-stand, daintily draped in white, and three small tables finished its furniture. But the room would not have seemed half so cheery without the pots of mignonette, and geranium, the long flowing window curtains, and the old samplers over the mantel-piece. Even those pictures of Abraham and Isaac, and of Ruth, dressed in reds and blues, with a broad Gainsborough hat on, gleaming in the fields of Boaz, who, clad in a suit of homespun, leaned over the rail fence talking to her; for even the quaint pictures seemed in keeping with the old bed-room.

All these things Chatty noticed as she dressed; soon she went to the window and pulled aside its scarlet curtains. She looked out upon a white world, a world wrapped and muffled in a heavy snow. As she looked out over the broad fields to the river, and then to the hills, a woman entered the room.

It was not her aunt, but the housekeeper; for the old lady Smith, as she was called, had seldom left her room for years. Chatty was glad to see her, she seemed so cordial and hearty in her words: "Now, my dear, it is nearly noon; you were very tired last night, so I didn't call you. Will you have some breakfast now? I'll send it up here, for your aunt always eats in her room, and the dining-room is as cold as a barn. Now I must go and see old Miss Charity. Do you take a glass of milk for breakfast?" And still talking the good woman, whom Chatty afterwards learned was Mrs. Dexter, went from the room.

The breakfast, served in the old egg-shell china, seemed wonderfully dainty to the school-girl. Almost before she had finished, Mrs. Dexter came hurrying in, saying, "Make haste and finish your aunt is in a hurry to see you, and we never cross her in anything. Can you come now?"

Chatty had meant to take off her red ribbons, and smooth out her curls, a hopeless task; but now she could not wait, so she went just as she was, and she was very bright and pleasing to see that morning, dressed in a soft gray suit, trimmed with plain bands of fur, her collar fastened with a red bow, and a little gold dagger.

With Mrs. Dexter she passed through the halls of the old farm-house, spacious, but O, so cold, and at last came to a sort of little ante-chamber. Mrs. Dexter left Chatty here, and went in to see if the old lady was ready. Soon she called the half frightened girl, who, in some way, had pictured her aunt as a gaunt, large-boned old lady, with a masculine voice, and a hard, stern face. What was her surprise to see a tiny lady, half buried in a great arm chair, with the whitest of white hair, a soft, tremulous voice, and a very sweet ex-

pression on the face, which had not yet lost its beauty. She was dressed in a heavy silk wrapper, with soft folds of lace at her neck and sleeves. Her eyes rested strangely on Chatty. For some time she said nothing, but at last spoke, her voice ending in a whisper: "So like Gertrude, so like Gertrude," moaned the old lady, rocking back and forth, never taking her eyes from Chatty's face. "Those wonderful eyes, that never lost their youthful beauty, but grew brighter and keener year by year. Gertrude was Chatty's mother, whom the old lady had seen when she was about Chatty's age, and whom she had greatly loved. Chatty felt, under that steady gaze, that if she had come from any selfish or low motive, her aunt would have known it, and despised her for it. But she could look her straight in the eyes, and already she felt that her aunt could claim her love, and all those delicate attentions which an old person values and needs so much.

"Niece Charity," said she, "are you content to stay here till July? If not, I want you to stay two days and then go back. Decide at once. Will you stay?" "Yes ma'am," said Chatty, without any hesitation, although she would have given almost anything she possessed to have graduated that year.

Now you have promised, hear me. I think we shall get along finely together. You may do what you please in the morning, but I shall claim you from twelve to five, and again in the evening. We shall be capital friends I know, but you must not be afraid of me."

"I am not now, Aunt Charity," said Chatty, "but I was when I came in. How you remind me of papa, and I am so glad I came," and obeying a sudden impulse, the girl ran across the room, and kissed the white forehead of the lady. A pink flush, partly of surprise, partly of pleasure, lit up her aged face. For over fifty years no one had ever kissed her, or looked at her with eyes so full of love. Mrs. Dexter was an excellent housekeeper, and a good companion to her, but the old lady was proud, and had not encouraged her few advances. As for the people of Hardscrabble, they spoke of her as "excellent but peculiar," with that accent and stress on peculiar, and that meaning which none but a Yankee could give.

"Dexter," said the old lady, "bring me my knitting, and get niece Charity her work, if she has any." The girls now-a-days do not usually have, though, I believe, said she, in a tone she meant to be very severe.

Chatty had prepared herself for just such a sentiment, and had provided a quantity of knitting which she hated, but still supposed was the only orthodox thing.

"I am going to knit me a skirt," said the girl, when Mrs. Dexter returned with her work-bag, "isn't it pretty?" The old lady smiled, evidently seeing through her niece's innocent little ruse about the knitting.

"Let me do it for you. It's all I can do, and I should enjoy it so much," said her aunt. "Ar't there other things girls do in these days, drawing, or embroidery, or something of the sort?" Now Chatty had a very fair outfit in oils, and asking the old lady's permission, she soon came back with her paints, canvass, and long box of brushes. She loved to work with her paints, and had a little talent for drawing, so that with her thorough training, she did very good work for so young an artist.

The old lady was greatly interested in the pleasant little excitement of seeing Chatty unpack and arrange her work.

"Dexter," she said soon, "go up to the garret and get my old easel for Charity. She has none. I once painted, also," she added. "Dexter tells me you have the red bedroom. There used to be a picture in there of Ruth and Boaz. Did you notice it?"

Poor Chatty—she felt her face flush. How she had laughed over that pink-faced Ruth but a short time ago. "I did not look at the pictures very much, but I shall do so to-morrow." Just then, to her relief, Mrs. Dexter came in with the easel. Soon Chatty was working busily at a study of flowers that she meant for Miss Brooke's Christmas. All day she painted, and her aunt knitted until the long November twilight began to creep over the hills and envelope the old farmhouse.

Then Mrs. Dexter brought tea, and lighted the wax tapers. The old lady hated lamps; would not have one in the room. The soft light shone prettily on the little tea table, set with old silver and china. "Girls all like sweetmeats," said her aunt, as she passed her the old-fashioned damson preserves. "I used to be fond of them, myself." For a long while they sat at the tea-table, but at last, when it was taken away, Chatty drew her chair up close to her aunt's; for the loneliness feeling crept on with the night. She must have guessed this, for the firm young hand was held lovingly by the thin old one, as she told Chatty stories of when John, her father, was a boy.

That night, when she had gone to her room, Chatty wrote a long letter to her father, giving every particular about her aunt, and her leaving school. Then, as she went to bed, Mrs. Dexter came with the warming-pan, that took the chill from the linen sheets, and soon Chatty was asleep—her first day at her aunt's ended.

Many days passed like the first—quiet, loving, busy. The old lady had taken a fancy that she would like to see Chatty in some of her own girl-clothes; and Chatty, to whom, after the life in the school, the old farm-house was very dull, was glad to do it; so she became changed to the Charity of half a century ago, and even sometimes to one of a hundred years back, when she dressed in the oldest costumes.

Chatty had brought new life into the old mansion. Mrs. Dexter was glad to have such a gay, laughing girl around. Scotch Mary, the cook, thought that little Miss Charity was a very nice young

person to come and talk with one, once in a while, and to fix one's caps. Her husband, Donald, the coachman, liked her from the time she praised the horses, and asked him to teach her to drive. For the girl "had a way with her," as Mary said, that was very attractive.

Gradually the farm-house lost its shut-up look. Different rooms were opened up, and at last, in a softly cushioned wheeling-chair, the old lady might be seen any morning being wheeled up and down the upstairs hall, by a very happy and proud niece. By Christmas, she consented to be carried down stairs, to see Chatty's tree, an institution almost forgotten in the old home. That tree, by the way, was a complete success. Although Chatty had stopped school, her allowance of pocket money had not been stopped; so through Miss Brooke she ordered many and fine presents for her Aunt, Mrs. Dexter, and Donald, and May. But the greatest surprise on the tree was a little gold watch, set in pearls, that had belonged to another Charity Smith on her seventeenth Christmas. After Christmas the dining room and sitting rooms were "resurrected," as Mary said. The old lady, greatly improved in body and spirits, by spring time, found that she could be carried up and down stairs every day, and not feel the worse, but rather the better, for it.

The people around, too, found out that if old lady Smith was a little peculiar, her niece was a bright, merry girl.

If Chatty had so pleased, she might have been the acknowledged leader of the young people in the neighborhood. But she didn't please. She had come to see her Aunt, and meant if possible to get her to write to her nephew, Chatty's father. Chatty knew that if she would do this, her father would answer immediately, and would soon come to see her.

But for a long while the old lady was obdurate. She knew that she had held off the family by her coldness. She had believed that they wanted her money; but she now found out that her fortune seemed small in comparison with her nephew's, and that they never thought of her money. Chatty used sometimes to despair of doing any real good; she could say very little, and when one morning her aunt gave her a little note to enclose in the next letter to her father, she could have cried with delight and surprise.

"Read it, niece," said her aunt. All the words traced were:

"God bless your daughter, 'Love one another, even as I have loved you.' Your loving old aunt,

CHARITY KAREN HAPPECH SMITH.

It was short, but it was long enough to make the heart of the young girl very glad, as she thought how her father would rejoice. Then, afterwards, the knowledge that all was peace in the family once more, helped her wonderfully to think bravely of graduating next year, and not of this year's class. She had by no means lost her place in the school because she was away, but by many letters and gifts had kept up the connection with the girls.

Once more Chatty is with Miss Brooke. This time in her own room at her aunt's. The graduating exercises are all over, and Chatty is perfectly, she says almost insanely, happy; for Miss Brooke has come to see her, and rest with her for two whole weeks. They are sitting by the west window, watching the sunset. The red glow has faded, but the sky is still beautiful. The breeze, fragrant with jasmine and honey-suckle, comes in through the open window. Miss Brooke looks very much pleased with Chatty. She has developed a womanliness and quiet self-possession, almost dignity. She has about outgrown her name Chatty. She is now nearer Charity. Miss Brooke sees the sweetness in the face that was not there before. She knows who has roused the household from a "Rip Van Winkle" sleep to pleasant activity. She knows that the old lady, who talks so proudly of "my grand-niece, Charity, and my nephew in India," has changed.

Rising and going to her traveling-bag, she takes out a Russia leather case. Opening it, she clasps an old bracelet, set in pearls and garnets, on the fair, white arm of the girl beside her. "Fidelity to every trust" has conquered," said she. "The girls sent me here to deliver it, and I am so pleased to do it, my girl, for you have been faithful."

"Miss Brooke," answered Chatty, who is taken strangely by surprise, "I don't deserve it. I have done so little. Give it to some one else." All the answer Miss Brooke makes is to kiss the young face, so conscious of every failure, so willing to grant others the prize.

But although Chatty says that she did not deserve that prize, I think she did; don't you?

THE END.

THE HOME ALTAR.—Have the family gathered together every day, and let God be acknowledged in your daily affairs. Invoke His help in the practical concerns of the family. Have the children reared under the blessed influence of the family altar of prayer. Give the little ones a part in the service. Have them read and learn leading truths and facts from the Word and Bible History, and call such to mind at the time of worship. Thus will the exercise be attractive; and the truth and facts will be indelibly impressed on their minds. Do all our Christian families have worship in their homes regularly? If there are any who are omitting this service, let an altar be reared at once. Oh! the precious influences of the Home Altar. Let it never be omitted, even in father's absence. Nothing can be substituted for it in its effect on the moral and spiritual training and growth of the family.

Archdeacon Farrar recently stated that in four hours in one evening in an English city, 36,803 women were seen going into public houses.

Moody and Sankey's Work.

Mr. Moody's bow abides in strength. I never heard him preach with so much breadth and earnestness and pungency and power. There is a pathos and mellowness about it very sweet and precious to all who love the Lord. Of Mr. Sankey, also, the same is true. He sings better than two years ago. His singing is an untold help in the service of praise and salvation. God has re-anointed them both for their work in the greatest city on the globe. They are the best answer to all skepticism and doubt. The sneers of Ingessors vanish like flax in the flame before the mighty power of God which works in them.

London is divided into districts, all to be worked as best they can be during the season. They are now in their sixth mission, and have several more to visit. Three vast iron tabernacles have been constructed for their use, each holding 5,000 people. One is taken down in one place when the two or three weeks are over, and put up in another. The work is so great it requires a large company of workmen two weeks to take one down and re-erect it. They are tremendous structures, with a platform at one end for speakers and singers, three large double doors on each side, and a long, convenient inquiry room adjoining, with pertinent passages of scripture in large colored letters extending quite around the vast auditorium. Being of iron, with very little wood, and lighted with gas, they present a very light and airy appearance. They can be filled and emptied with perfect quietness and ease.

We were present at the last two services at Stratford, East London, on Sunday and Monday, and also at the opening service at New Cross in South London, Tuesday. The transition was made without a break, or the rest of a day.

The closing services at Stratford were very impressive and affecting. Prayer had been made nightly for weeks by Christians, before the mission came. Singers and the inquiry-meeting workers had been organized and instructed in their work. Printed cards were in readiness to take each inquirer's name and address, and give to proper authorities. In this faithful and thorough way, over three thousand inquirers were dealt with during the mission at Stratford, and a deeper interest is expected at New Cross, where the work now is, for the spiritual power has been deepening from its beginning. One benevolent Christian gave four thousand copies of Mr. Moody's new volume, "The Old Gospel," and each convert also received the especially valuable book of Mr. Moody, "The Way to God." There are always present some of London's leading Christians in wealth, intelligence and position to lend their influence. The day of doubt and questioning as to the worth of the work has passed, and God's people seem to have settled down to try to reach all souls possible in this mighty city. Christianity is all a miracle. It is the power of the Spirit, redeeming the world through Christ. This work is one of the bright and powerful miracles of Christianity. On Sunday morning, Spurgeon in his public prayer used this petition: "Bless, O God, thy servant Moody, and let thy spirit rest on every word he preaches this day with great power." It was the only personal reference in his prayer.

It is a wondrous sight to see the streets for blocks away lined with the multitudes gathering to these services of Moody and Sankey. None go in except by ticket. The doors are closed often long before the time set for service to commence because the last foot of space has been filled. On Sunday night the meeting was appointed at eight. Three thousand were in the house at five and the preaching was over at five minutes past eight.

Mr. Moody does not forget America, and asks many questions about the spiritual state of the churches and the Y. M. C. A. work. Could we help going into the inquiry room, and did we fail of a great blessing there? When one of his old St. Louis helpers said her Bible had been left at the hotel, he instantly handed her his familiar, well-marked Bagster, and said, "Here, take mine. I have work for you." We had the comfort of bringing in five names. Three, I trust, meant true acceptance of Christ, and two, restoration to light and peace, after long seasons of wandering and coldness. Oh, the joy of living in a spiritual atmosphere like this, of speaking God's invitations into hearing ears, and bowing in prayer with willing hearts. As I write these lines I know how many hearts in America will throb with a renewed delight, as they read, and long to be more deeply engaged in the blessed work of leading souls to know the Lord. Why need we tarry? Much time yet remains for this work in our churches before the summer breaks. We need not wait three months for the harvest. —[From a letter by Rev. Dr. Goodell in The Advance.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, (Ia.), March 11.—To-night the fast mail over the Burlington route arrived in this city at the terminus of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy on time at 7 P. M., making the run from Chicago in 15 hours and bringing the Chicago mail and papers 14 hours quicker than ever before. The mail was at once transferred at the depot in this city to the Union Pacific Railroad, connecting with a fast train on that road for San Francisco. Large crowds assembled at the Council Bluffs depot to receive the Chicago morning papers. Great enthusiasm prevailed as the train came thundering in, and cheers rent the air as the Union Pacific train rattled away.

A harbor, La Pallice, has been constructed on the west coast of France, where the largest ships, except, perhaps, some of the monster iron-clads, can enter at any state of the tide. It is three miles west of La Rochelle.

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"What in the world is that?" asked the young folks of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they hadn't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door. "All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy god-mother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that. She brings her white gnome with her, and don't let him know your names, or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle, wildly. A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy god-mother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much-bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat, and a red cloak. He (the gnome) wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case, with arm holes cut in it. It was gathered at his waist; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over the eyes and around opening for his mouth. The god-mother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy god-mother.

"Let me into the ring dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy god-mother; "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blind gnome pounced three times with his stick, and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy god-mother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked, "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a horse tone:

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome. "Put it back! put it back!"

But it wasn't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the god-mother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no!" he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the god-mother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while.

"That's a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas," said the rest. Then they opened their parcels, and there was great rejoicing.—[St. Nicholas.

On the 24th of January the Brooklyn Bridge had been open to the public eight months. During that period 4,635,000 foot passengers passed over, or an average of 19,312 a day. The bridge cars had been running four months, and had carried 945,720 persons from New York to Brooklyn, and 1,236,000 from Brooklyn to New York, a difference of 290,280 in favor of the latter. But on the other hand the receipts for one-cent tolls show that 439,400 more persons crossed on foot from New York to Brooklyn than in the opposite direction. These differences are explained by the statement that a great majority of visitors to the bridge pay their one-cent fare at the New York end of the bridge and either ride back on the cars or cross the ferry. The total receipts from all sources during the eight months was \$205,281—\$46,350 from foot passengers, \$109,086 from car passengers, and \$49,845 from vehicles. On that basis the trustees estimate the earnings for the whole year at \$521,510. But the cost of maintaining the bridge is now estimated at \$280,000 a year, and the interest on the bridge bonds amounts to about \$1,000,000 a year, so that the structure is running behind more than \$750,000 annually. Eighty policemen are employed on the bridge, and the monthly pay-roll is over \$19,000.—[Ex.

Politeness comes from within, from the heart; but if the forms of politeness are dispensed with, the spirit and the thing itself soon die away.—[Dr. John Hall.

Did She Love Him?

A boy fell from one of the high beams of a barn, and was carried to his mother sadly crushed and broken. A skillful surgeon was called. He came, looked the boy over, and only gave him a soothing dose.

"You are doing nothing to cure him," said the mother. "Why don't you set his bones?"

It would be useless, madam. Your son has received fatal injury; we will not add to his sufferings by useless treatment of his fractures."

"Fatal!" cried the mother indignantly; "To what purpose then is your skill? Set every bone in his body."

The surgeon obeyed. It was before the use of anesthetics, and when many mechanical surgical appliances now in use were unknown. The boy, was tortured, but the mother looked on, aided and abetted in the torture, denied all her son's piteous pleadings, yet shed not a tear. She nursed him with almost superhuman patience and endurance through months of misery, during which he lay bound, and often reproached her that she did let him die of his pain. He did not die, nor become a helpless cripple, but recovered the full use of his entire body. And that body held no common mind. He was a genius, a well-known American author, who lived seventy-eight years.

A thought awakened by these facts, however, not the man's history, is our subject.

We suffer; in our agony we wish we were dead, or had never been born. We cry to God for help, and think he hears us not because our pain is not removed. Again, we behold the suffering of those we love better than ourselves, and our heart's wail for their anguish is more piteous than for our own. We say, "How can a God of love, a Heavenly Father omnipotent, see it without interposing; nay, more, order it, and deny our pleadings?" Satan tempts us, "Can there be a God of love?" and we are in danger of saying in our heart—like the fool—"There is no God."

Is there a suggestion of help for all this in the history of those broken bones and that mother's relation to them? Has our Heavenly Father taken the desperate case of our fallen, disjointed humanity in hand, because he would have life, not death, our portion? Can Omnipotence, even, interpose? That mother could have interposed to save her son from suffering, yet did not. Did she love him? Answer, every mother who has stood beside a son's cross, with the sword "through thine own soul also." Does God love us though we suffer, though we cry and he is silent? Let his word answer:

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son;" "The Lord is not willing that any should perish;" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth;" "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted."

Oh, well is it for us, with our broken bones, that we have a Father whose love, tender as a mother's, is wiser for us than are our doctors, or than are we for ourselves!—[Christian Weekly

Items About the Presidents.

President Arthur was 53 years old recently. He was born October 5, 1830.

Ex-President Hayes was born October 4, 1822. The only other President born in October was John Adams, who was born on the 19th, and was 62 years old when he was inaugurated. Garfield, Pierce and Polk were born in November; Andrew Johnson and Martin Van Buren in December; Millard Fillmore in January; Abraham Lincoln, William H. Harrison and George Washington in February; Jackson, Tyler and Madison in March; Grant, Buchanan, Monroe and Jefferson in April; John Quincy Adams in July; Zachary Taylor in September. As to deaths, Garfield died in September; Johnson, Van Buren, Taylor, Monroe, Jefferson and John Adams in July; Lincoln and Harrison in April; Buchanan, Polk, Jackson and Madison in June; Pierce in October, Fillmore in March, Tyler in January, John Quincy Adams in February, and George Washington in December. Grant was our youngest President, having been 47 years old at the time he was inaugurated. Franklin Pierce came next, at the age of 49. Then came Garfield, Fillmore and Polk, each 50. Then Tyler and Arthur, both 51 years old and both Vice-Presidents, succeeding to the Presidency by the death of Presidents. Abe Lincoln was 52 when inaugurated, James Madison 54, Hayes and Van Buren 55, Andy Johnson 57, Monroe, Jefferson and John Quincy Adams 58, George Washington 59, Andrew Jackson 62, Zachary Taylor 63, John Adams 65, James Buchanan 66, and William H. Harrison 68. Of these men Garfield, Grant, Pierce, Taylor, Polk, Harrison, Jackson and Washington bore the title of General and had military reputations. All of them had been in the Government employ in some capacity before their nomination, and some, such as Van Buren, Jefferson, Monroe and the two Adamses, had years of training in the cabinets preceding them. John Quincy Adams received a salary from the United States Government for 69 years, and the sum total must have amounted to \$500,000. A close of his presidential term he had had 52 years of office-holding, and his salary had aggregated \$425,000; still he had 17 years of Congress after this, and died at the capital at a congressional session. At the age of 14 he went to Russia as the private secretary of the American Legation, and he was in after years minister to England, Germany, Portugal, Russia, and the Netherlands.—[Cleveland Leader.

The national debt of Great Britain, which dates from February 16, 1689, amounts to \$786,000,000, or \$3,930,000,000. In 1697 it amounted to \$5,000,000, which was thought to be an alarming burden.

The Essential Element.

Converts must understand that the essential element in religion is not "good feeling," but "good willing." It is Divine truth at work in the soul, beyond the intellect, among the affections, and in the will. It is the choice and appropriation of truth by the whole man. There is a "good willing" that is no more than a "wish," a mere ideal shining in the soul, as the infinite depths of space and the glorious sun are mirrored in the pool of muddy water, seeming fathomless, but only finger-deep. The true interior life is in its quality a thing of the will—the will militant, that fights the good fight—the will victorious, that overcomes. It is not in the shining leaves or the swaying branches of the oak, but in the deep roots, fastening themselves in the soil, and bringing trunk and twig into life-giving connection with the earth—connection kept up whether the atmosphere above be silent or tempestuous, dark or radiant, frozen with the cold of January or burnt with fervent heat of July. Religion does not depend on feeling, but is sometimes strongest when the soul lives by faith, and not by feeling; by "faith, and not by sight." True faith, soon or late, brings feeling, but it is by faith that the soul lives, whether there be good feeling or bad feeling or lack of feeling—faith that works, faith that waits, faith that loves, faith that conquers. Good feeling may come from wine, or coffee, or opium; from some temporal success, some anticipated earthly joy; from an abnormal state of the nervous system; from the mystic influence exerted by a powerful will; from the charm of music, or from natural sympathy. Indeed, good feeling may come (and that in connection with a religious meeting) when there is no religion at all. Religion is a thing of the innermost preference and decision and habit, a principle and life—like love, the love of a mother for her child, a fact, a force, an unchanging principle; a root that holds on whether it have joy or sorrow, elation or depression; a force even where the specific object is not manifest in consciousness, independent of emotion and circumstances. It may be fervent in January, during the Week of Prayer, or during the special revival services that follow; but it is also firm in June and faithful in August, and does not depend on the preacher's power or peculiarities, the class-leader's attention, the notice of the rich Church members, the excitement of the prayer-meeting, or the personal interest of the departed evangelist. It does not depend upon what the other young converts do or favor, or on the power of the old songs that are sung and resung, once because they were "new," then because they were "lively," and now because they are "familiar."

The King of Book Agents.

J. Madison Watson lives in Elizabeth, but does business in New York. Just now his friends are congratulating him on three recent important additions to his library. Mr. Watson met an engaging gentleman on the train the other morning, who proved to be a Philadelphia book agent.

"This is what I am selling," said he, turning the back of the volume so that Mr. Watson could see it.

"Why, that is just what I want. My wife and I have been talking about it for several days."

The book agent made a sale on the spot, and also learned by inquiry that Mr. Watson lived in Elizabeth. When Mr. Watson had settled into his slippers and dressing gown, and drew his easy-chair up to the fire that evening, his wife surprised him by saying:

"My dear, I got that book to-day, that you were talking about. An agent was along our street, and I knew you wanted it very much."

"Holy terror!" shouted Mr. Watson, "I've got another one over at the office. Bought it this morning on the train. Forgot to bring it over. That fellow's a scoundrel. I'd like to wring his neck."

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Watson called from the front window:

"Mr. Watson! Mr. Watson! That book agent's going up to the depot now. Run and catch him."

But there was the deep snow, and Mr. Watson was in his slippers, and while he sputtered and fumed, a partial way of the difficulty presented itself. A neighbor came driving by in a sleigh. Watson called out to him to catch the book agent at the depot, and detain him a few moments. Away sped the cutter. At the depot this short and sharp colloquy took place, as the train for Philadelphia came puffing in:

"Hey, book agent! book agent!"

"Well, what's wanted?"

"Mr. Watson wants to see you; he'll be here in a minute."

"What does he want?"

"Don't know."

"Watson? Watson? Oh, I know. He wants one of my books. But I can't miss my train just to sell a book."

"Well, if that's it, I'll take a book and pay for it."

The transaction took place speedily, and the train carried the smiling book agent away, just as Mr. Watson arrived, full of wrath, to find himself the possessor of a third volume. Book agents, it is safe to say, are a tender theme with Mr. Watson.

From a multitude of scriptures, and from the whole course of the life of sanctification in the Church, this deduction has been drawn—the more sanctification, the more sense of sin.

A holy life, spent in the service of God and in communion with him, is without doubt the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—[Melancthon.

The Jews of New York city propose to establish a Home for chronic invalids, as a memorial of the 100th birthday of the philanthropist Sir Moses Montefiore.

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The Pacific.

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Sunday-School Lesson for April 6, 1884.
Acts. 18: 23-28, 19: 1-7.

BY REV. CHAS. A. SAVAGE.

Golden Text.—And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied." (Acts. 19: 6.)

LESSON SEED THOUGHTS.

1. Paul found that believers needed strengthening in the faith, as much as they do now. A great deal of his time was spent in encouraging those who had already professed faith in the Lord Jesus. This was the object of his epistles, and of much of his pastoral labors. The great apostle was a model pastor, as well as a powerful preacher. He "shepherded" the flock of Christ.

2. It is interesting to notice the source of power which Apollos had. He was "mighty in the scriptures." Such an one was John Bunyan, and he wrote a book that the world will never cease to read and admire. Such a one is Mr. Moody, and no one better than he feels the influence of the Holy Spirit and understands the heart of Christ. The word of God is the sword of the spirit. No one can wield it until he knows it. One who knows the Bible through and through, has a liberal education, however meager his advantages for other study may have been. Apollos was an eloquent man and no doubt had studied oratory in the schools of Alexandria. But the best instruction which he ever received for his work as a Christian preacher came from the legal precision of Moses, the vivid imagination of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the fervid rhetoric of Isaiah and Malachi, the burning prophecies of Daniel and Ezekiel.

3. Apollos taught as much as he knew. He was fervent and diligent, two prime qualities for a successful Sabbath-school teacher. He was no doubt a sincere believer in Jesus, though he imperfectly understood his mission. That he accepted him as the Messiah is certain. Still, his preaching must have had at first some of the stern, hard characteristics of that of John the Baptist.

4. The work of Aquila and Priscilla is a good example of what laymen can do. They did not preach the gospel, but they had experienced the gospel, and they could tell the learned, eloquent Apollos many things that he did not know before. Many a layman in the church has a clearer grasp of divine truth than his pastor, who may be regarded as an eloquent expounder of Bible mysteries.

5. "Believed through grace," expresses the condition of every new-born child of God. "We love Him because he first loved us." We believe on Him because he put it into our hearts to believe. His spirit moved upon us and led us to accept of the Saviour.

"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God."

6. God raises up suitable men to meet emergencies. While Apollos was studying in the Alexandrian schools of oratory, he little thought that his rhetorical skill was to be used in trying to convince his countrymen that the despised Jesus of Nazareth was their Messiah. But so God had planned it. He gave to Apollos his logical brain, his active mind, his silver tongue, for this very purpose. He gave him his training that he might better accomplish the work. He brought him to Ephesus that he might come under the influence of the devout Aquila and Priscilla, so that they might show him more perfectly the way of the Lord. Then he sent him off to Corinth, to strengthen the believers and reach a certain class of minds that neither Paul nor Aquila nor Priscilla had reached at all.

So it came about that "Paul planted, and Apollos watered," and God, who gave them the ability to plant and water, himself "gave the increase."

7. There are many nowadays, who seem never to have heard "whether there be any Holy Ghost." They have had the need of repentance impressed upon them—they have listened with attention as some messenger has pointed them to the Lamb of God—as they have asked the question "Art thou that should come?" The ready answer of convicted hearts has been: "Truly, thou art he, for never man spake as thou speakest—no man can do the miracles that thou doest except God be with him." But after all they have only been baptized "unto John's baptism."

How much they miss! All this that they have learned is good and necessary, but they have not tasted the Saviour's most priceless legacy. The gift of the comforter who should abide forever. He guides into all truth. He shows us the wondrous beauty of the Son of God. He reveals to us the Father. This spiritual baptism may come to every disciple of Jesus. No Paul is with us to lay his hands on the heads of believers; but let us not forget how Jesus himself, who said, "Lo, I am with you always," stood once in the company of the wondering disciples, and when he had breathed on them, he said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." To us also he says, "I will send him unto you."

Two-thirds of the students of Hanover College, Ind., where 24 recently united with the church, are professors of religion.

MARRIED.

BURGESS—BRIGGS.—In this city, Feb. 19th, by Rev. J. H. Warren, George Burgess and Bessie M. Briggs, both of San Francisco.

DIED.

MARSH.—In Etna, Siskiyou county, March 21st, Rev. John T. Marsh, after one week's illness of pneumonia.

TEAGUE.—In Redwood City, March 11th, Andrew Teague, Esq., aged 62 years.

The April Century.

Foremost among the unillustrated papers, in point of general interest, is George Alfred Townsend's account of "How Wilkes Booth crossed the Potomac." His information was derived from the man who gave succor to the fugitive and his companion Herold.

John Burroughs replies to Matthew Arnold's recent lecture on Emerson, and makes a strong argument to show that Emerson is entitled to a higher place than the English critic has accorded him.

Two other striking essays of the number are "Uncle Tom without a Cabin," by Walter B. Hill, a consideration, from the Southern point of view, of the present status of the negroes of the South; and Professor Samuel Willard's interesting pursuit of scientific theories, to what he regards their ultimate conclusions, or "The Destiny of the Universe."

St. Nicholas for April.

With its varied table of contents, reminds us, like the month itself, both of the winter that is past, and of the summer that is to come.

An account of the first ice-palace, that was built by the Empress Anna Ivanovna of Russia, with a picture by Blum, is offset by Mary A. Lathbury's pleasant summer sketch, called "Fairy Lodge," which the author has charmingly illustrated.

The important "Historic Boys" series is continued, with the interesting story of the boyhood of Henry V. of England. Louisa M. Alcott's third "Spinning-wheel Story" tells of the devotion and Spartan heroism of a young Indian boy, who rescues from captivity the children of his benefactor.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April well illustrates the capabilities of that periodical in both the literary and the artistic field. The variety of its contents is a remarkable feature.

Charles Elmer Norton contributes a paper of considerable archeological value, entitled "A Visit to Sardis," with illustrations.

A biographical sketch of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lynton, apart from its literary value, is interesting for the fact that it is contributed by C. Kegan Paul.

For the Benefit of the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

This colossal statue was given by the people of the French Republic to the people of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship, and an expression of the sympathy of France in the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence.

It is 150 feet in height, cost \$250,000, to which cost more than 250,000 Frenchmen subscribed, and it is so far finished that it will be ready to be shipped to this country in the course of the coming summer.

There has been voluntarily contributed about \$100,000 towards the pedestal for the statue, which is to be placed on Bedloe's Island, at the entrance of New York harbor, and about \$150,000 is still required.

The foregoing is from the Report of the Executive Committee to the General Committee of the Fund, of which the Hon. Wm. M. Everts is chairman.

With a view of aiding the object, another committee, under the supervision of the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews, has arranged for a new issue of art subjects, to be offered the public generally, who will thus be able to secure a magnificent standard steel engraving, and at the same time have the satisfaction of contributing to the Pedestal Fund.

The following subjects have been selected, viz.:

Washington Irving and his Friends.....28x36
Shakespeare and his Friends.....28x36
Falstaff Mustering his Recruits.....28x36
Landing of the Pilgrims.....28x36
Departure of the Pilgrims.....28x36
Farmer's Saturday Night.....26x34
Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation in St. Andrews.....28x36

These engravings will be from the original plates, and will be as fine as the first proofs, which were sold at \$100 each. They will be forwarded by mail, and their receipt guaranteed. The price for each will be \$5, which must be sent with the order. Persons wishing to subscribe are respectfully requested to do so as soon as possible.

All orders, drafts, etc., must be directed and made payable to the Secretary,
WM. WHELFLEY,
P. O. Box 2949, New York City.

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Silver, \$1.11 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine; silver, 925 fine, 50 3/4 per oz.

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Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.25 to 5.65; medium grades, \$4.50 to 5.00; Shipping Superfine, \$3.50 to 4.50.

Wheat—\$1.57 1/2 to 1.60 per cbl.

Barley—Feed, 85 to 87 1/2¢.

Oats—No. 1, \$1.55 to 1.60.

Feed—Bran, \$15.00 @ 16.00; ground-barley, \$20 to 21; middlings, \$17 to \$19; oil-cake, \$30.00 per ton.

Potatoes—50c to \$1 per cwt. New, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

Fruit—Lemons, \$4.50 to 5.50 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 2.00 to \$4.00 per bunch; Cal. Oranges \$3.25 to 5.50 per box; Apples, \$1.25 to \$3.00 per box.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 85 to \$1.00 per cbl.; Green Peas, 8¢ to 10¢ per lb; Tomatoes, 8¢ to 10¢ per lb; Cauliflower, 50¢ to 75¢ per doz; Turnips, 50¢ to 65¢ per cbl.

Hay—\$6.00 to 13.00 for all grades. Straw, 35 to 50¢ per bale.

Butter—Choice, Cal. 21 to 22 1/2¢.

Cheese—Cal. 14 to 16¢ choice.

Eggs—21¢ to 22¢ per doz for Cal.

Honey—Strained, 6 1/2¢ to 7¢ for white; Beeh—9 1/2¢ to 10¢ first quality; 7 to 8¢ for third.

Mutton—Wethers, 7¢ to 7 1/2¢; Ewes, 7¢ to 7 1/2¢.

Lamb—12 to 15¢.

Pork—Live hogs, 7 1/2¢ to 8¢ for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 10 1/2¢ to 10 3/4¢.

Wool—8¢ to 15¢.

Hides and Skins—Sheep skins, 20¢ to 25¢ for shearlings; 30¢ to 50¢ for short; 50¢ to 75¢ for medium; 90¢ to \$1.25 for long wool skins.



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Whether the United States are to regain their former pre-eminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas, is a question discussed in the *North American Review* for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C., and by Capt. John Codman. Judge J. A. Jameson, discusses the question, "Shall Our Civilization be Preserved." The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the "Development of Religious Freedom." Dr. Felix L. Oswald writes of "Changes in the Climate of North America." Prof. C. A. Egbert offers "A Plea for Modern Languages;" and Julian Hawthorne discourses of "Literature for Children." Finally, there is a discussion of "Recent Criticisms of the Bible," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.

Many of our gentlemen readers buy their clothing of Schafer & Co., 11 Montgomery St. We doubt if our friends can do better elsewhere in this city.

To Families.

The canned fruits, jellies, jams, pickles, ketchups and sauces put up by us are excelled by no brand on this coast. We use choicest materials for all our manufactures, and housekeepers can always rely on getting a quantity and quality of goods that are packed by clean-handed white women and girls, and cooked by experienced processors in a superior manner. The luscious fruits of California are gaining a world-wide reputation, and the low prices at which these goods can be obtained of all reputable grocers in San Francisco and elsewhere are a sufficient inducement to permit their use on every table at least once a day.

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—The mill known as "Sperry's Mill," Lodi. A first class, four-story brick grist mill. Capacity, five run of stone. Also, warehouse on railroad track; capacity, 2,700 tons, and four lots, with perfect title. In the best wheat-growing valley in the State, and the local trade alone pays a big investment on the money. Will be sold on terms to suit. The mill and warehouse are between two railroads—the S. J. & S. N. and the C. P. R. R.—where everything can be trucked into the cars from the mill or warehouse. Inquire of GEORGE S. LOCKE, Lockeford, Cal.

The Boston *Congregationalist* says: "Our readers are all by this time familiar with the large advertisement of 'Death on Dirt' Soap, made by Messrs. Allison Bros. of Middletown, Conn. Many have availed themselves of this new and satisfactory process, and to our personal knowledge thousands have already testified their complete satisfaction. We have used the soap ourselves and found it all that is claimed for it. J. Y. Ross, 123 California Street, San Francisco, is the exclusive agent on the Pacific Coast. He ought to do a large business."

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Our connections are complete for the transaction of all kinds of banking business.

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Assets.

Loans and Discounts.....\$2,509,721.35

Real Estate—Bank's home.....150,000.00

Other Real Estate.....14,996.00

Gov. bonds, bank st'ks &c.....111,993.05

Due from Banks.....358,266.64

Money on hand.....633,169.16

Total Assets.....\$3,778,077.80

Capital Stock.....\$1,000,000.00

Surplus Fund.....450,000.00

Undivided Profits.....6,120.35

Due Depositors.....2,167,632.57

Due Banks.....114,304.88

Due Dividend No. 60.....40,000.00

Total Liabilities.....\$3,778,077.80

All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

SEND SIX cents for postage and receive free a box of Goods which will help you to make Good Wages right away. Try it at once. Address, 26mch-ly TRUZ & Co., Augusta, Me.

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313 California Street.

AGENCIES IN ALL

The States, Territories & British Provinces

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

JANUARY 1, 1884.

ASSETS,

\$4,541,239.82.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,250,000.00
All Outstanding Claims, - - - - - 295,982.07
Reserve for Re-Insurance, - - - - - 1,661,661.84
Policy-Holders' Surplus, - - - - - 2,563,595.91
SURPLUS OVER ALL, - - - - - 1,333,595.91

It has become a necessity that Fire Insurance Corporations should be possessed of ample means, that when numbers of their policies are forced to payment, the response may be immediate.

It becomes every property-owner to see to it that his policies are with responsible companies. The man who has once held failed promises may not again be deceived, and he who has not should be careful how he pays his premiums; and at the same time virtually carries his own insurance.

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